

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 187.—Vol. VIII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

BLOWING-UP OF THE STEAMER J. G. LAWTON,

Savannah River, Georgia.

ABOUT half-past one A.M. on Friday, the 10th inst., the steamer Excel arrived in Savannah, bringing intelligence of the blowing-up of the steamer J. G. Lawton, about twenty miles up the river, just beyond the Gun Stump Landing. Upon her deck were lying some eight or ten persons, passengers brought from the unfortunate steamer. Amongst these were Mr. James Strobhart, of Savannah, his wife, two children, and three servants, all more or less injured. Mr. Strobhart had several ribs broken, Mrs. Strobhart one leg injured from jumping on the flat. Drs. Boyd and Fish were quickly in attendance on the sufferers, as also the Messrs. McAlpine, owners of the J. G. Lawton, by whom every care and attention was paid to the wounded. Mr. James Strobhart, son of the gentleman before mentioned, died on the Excel, from injuries in the head, it being literally smashed in. He was found in the marsh, close to the water's



EXPLOSION OF THE J. G. LAWTON—FINDING OF THE BODY OF J. S. MONTMOLLIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY DOUGLAS JERROLD. 36.110

edge, having first lodged in a tree. He was living when picked up, but died soon after being carried on board the Excel.

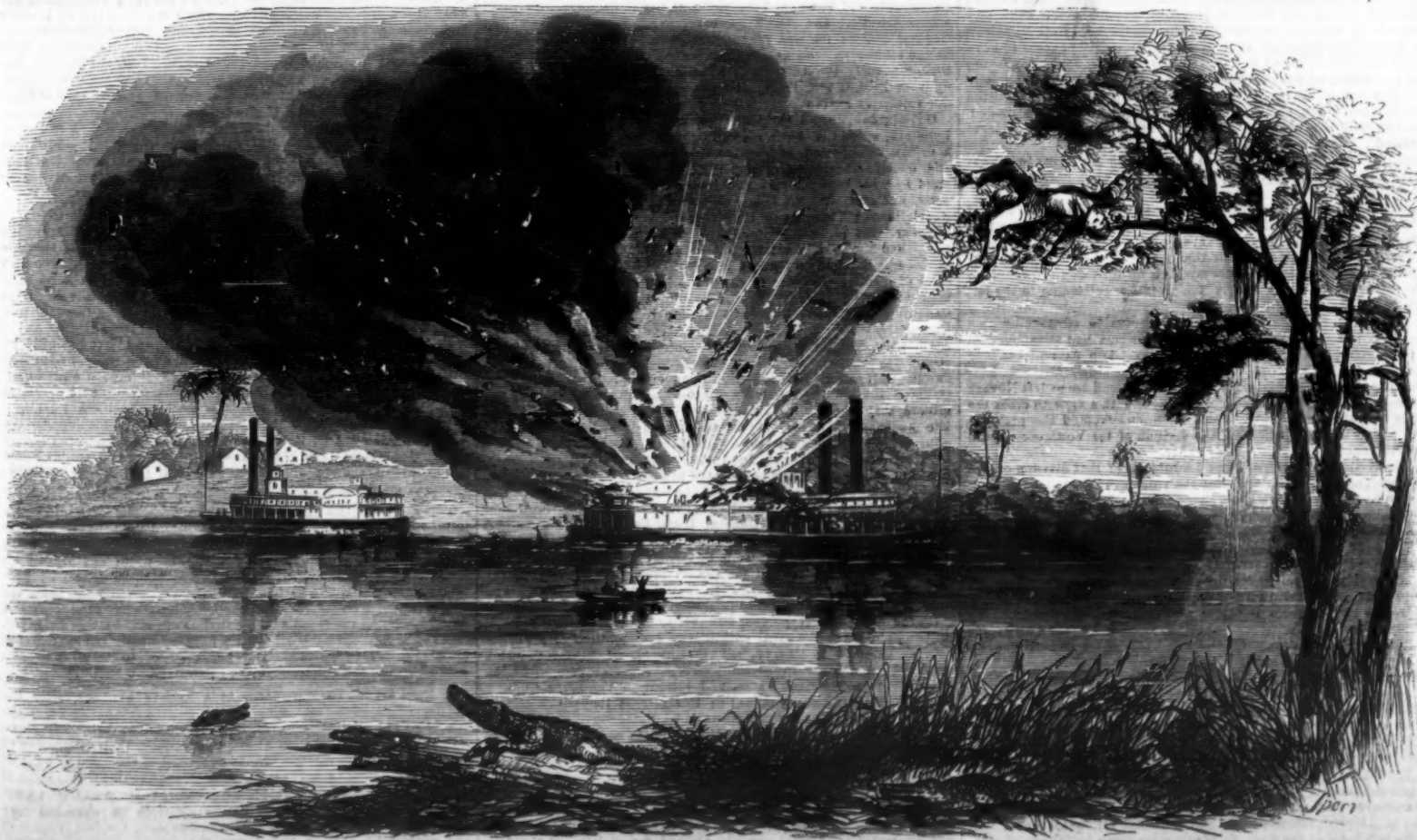
Early on Friday morning the steamer Swan was despatched up the river to the scene of disaster, with Dr. Fish and other gentlemen on board; but after a long and diligent search they were unable to find any of the bodies of the killed. There were still eight bodies missing.

List of Killed and Missing.

Captain T. G. Keebler, missing; John S. Montmollin, of Savannah, ditto; Master James Strobhart died on board the Excel; Washington Goette, of Barnwell, South Carolina, missing; William Grant, deck hand, ditto; John Williams pilot (colored) ditto; Joe Stone, fireman, ditto; John Robertson, waiter, ditto; colored deck hand, name unknown, ditto.

Wounded.

Mrs. G. Morrell, Savannah, foot much injured by jumping from boat into a flat alongside; Mrs. Hindley, badly scalded; Mrs. Strobhart, leg injured from jumping on flat; Mr. H.



EXPLOSION OF THE JOHN G. LAWTON, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, ON THE 9TH JUNE, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

36.109

J. Strobhart, much bruised; Mr. Augustus Osmond; S. Hindley, engineer, badly scalded; Thomas Shea, deck hand; Jane Fleming (colored), stewardess; William Fleming, steward; Stephen Ott, cook; Harry —, belonging to Mr. Genobly, all badly scalded. Three other colored boys were badly injured, one of them had a severe wound in the head, and another was badly cut and bruised about the breast.

Mr. Joseph H. Morgan, the mate of the boat, and two deck hands, were the only persons on board fortunate enough to escape without injury.

Early on Saturday morning the body of Mr. J. S. Montmollin, a passenger on board the ill-fated Lawton, was brought to Savannah. The body was found in the edge of the marsh, some one hundred and fifty yards from where the explosion occurred. It was discovered by a negro, who had climbed a tree to take a survey of the marsh; he could see the legs of the body protruding from the mud, and directed those on the ground to the spot where it lay. The body was found buried in the mud up to the thighs, and almost in a perpendicular position, with the legs above, half covered with water. It required the united strength of three negroes to extricate the body from its position.

We learn that Mr. Osmond is getting on very well, and will probably lose only one of his eyes.

There is much credit due to Mr. Morgan, mate of the Lawton, for his attention to the wounded. His coolness under the trying circumstances in which he was so suddenly placed enabled him to save the lives of many ladies, who, in their frenzy, attempted jumping into the water, where they must have perished.

The accident occurred by the engine having been stopped on the centre, and it was while they were endeavoring to put it in motion that the explosion occurred. She had been stopped to allow the steamer Excel to pass her in the bend of the river.

HAVE PITY ON THE POOR.

By Mrs. M. S. B. Dana Shindler.

How many poor and sorrowful
Are scattered far and near!
As Jesus said, 'tis ever true,
The poor are always here.
Then clothe and feed all those who need,
God will the gift restore;
'Tis sweet to give; then, while you live,
Have pity on the poor!

This world is full of suffering,
Though beautiful it seems;
And there are woes for human hearts
Beyond our darkest dreams.
Turn not away from those who pray
For mercy at your door;
'Tis sweet to give; then, while you live,
Have pity on the poor!

Remember Jesus while on earth
Was poor and lowly too;
Then let us all, for His dear sake,
The deeds of mercy do.
We cannot heal; we can but feel;
Heart-wounds we cannot cure;
But we can give, and, while we live,
Have pity on the poor!

THE GREAT WAR.

CONTENTS.

Combat of Buffalora—The French Cross at Turbigo—Battle of Magenta—Terrible Slaughter on both Sides—Generals Espinasse and Clero Killed—Three Hundred Thousand Men Engaged—Defeat of the Austrians—Their Retreat behind Milan—General MacMahon's Official Report of the Battle of Magenta—He is created a Duke and Field Marshal—Triumphant Entrance of Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel into Milan—Enthusiastic Reception by the Population—The Austrians Retreat from Pavia—Are Pursued by the French—Battle of Malesagno—Defeat of the Austrians.

ALTHOUGH we gave in part of our edition last number a short account of the battle of Magenta, yet having now more reliable intelligence we advert to it again. It was fought on the left bank of the Ticino, midway between Novara and Milan, from which place it was about twelve miles. The stone bridge at Buffalora having been destroyed, the French threw pontoons across the river at Turbigo on the 4th of June, and crossed it in considerable force. The combat continued during two days at Magenta, around which little city nearly three hundred thousand men were gathered. Both Napoleon and Victor Emanuel were near the spot, but neither seem to have been personally engaged in it. The advantage undoubtedly rested with the Allies, who took several pieces of cannon and 7,000 prisoners. The loss of the Austrians in killed and wounded are reported as 12,000, while the French had nearly 10,000 killed and wounded. Generals Espinasse and Clero were killed, and many officers wounded.

The result of this battle was to compel the Austrians to retreat behind Milan, from which place they withdrew their garrison on the 6th or 7th.

General McMahon, who commanded, was rewarded on the field of battle by a Dukedom and a Field Marshal's baton, his title being that of Magenta. His official report says:

"Sire—As I have already had the opportunity of informing your Majesty in a first report, the enemy blew up the bridge of San Martino yesterday at about five in the evening, retreating to the left bank of the Ticino.

"This morning, at daybreak, General Espinasse advanced with a brigade to the *leu du pont*, which the Austrians had abandoned at his approach. He found there two mortars, two field pieces, and some ammunition wagons.

"According to your Majesty's orders the second corps left Novara this morning at half-past eight for Turbigo, with a view to cross the bridge over the Ticino, which had been constructed the previous night under the protection of the division of the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard.

"On arriving at Turbigo I found a brigade of that division on the right bank of the Ticino, occupying the village and the neighborhood, so as to assure us the free possession of the bridge, and covering the valley above the village. The other brigade of Camou's division was on the right bank.

"The head of the column of the first division of the second corps crossed the bridge at half past one. While visiting Turbigo, and reconnoitering the heights of Rebecchetto, with a view to place my men, I suddenly found an Austrian column within 500 metres of me, apparently coming from Buffalora with the intention of occupying Rebecchetto.

"Rebecchetto is situated on the left bank of the river Ticino, on the east, about two kilometres from Turbigo. It is a large village, which may be easily defended, and which it would be very advisable to occupy, to oppose an enemy coming from Milan or Magenta, with the intention of contesting the passage of Turbigo. The village is situated on a horizontal plain fifteen or twenty metres above the valley of the Ticino. Leaving Turbigo, it may be reached by two roads, both practicable for artillery, one south the other west.

"The high road from Magenta and Buffalora runs east. This latter is the road taken by the Austrian column.

"I ordered General de la Motterouge, who had only then the regiment of Algerian riflemen with him, his other regiments being still on the left bank of the river, to advance his three battalions of rifle-

men on Rebecchetto, and to place them in three columns of attack, as follows:

"The first battalion, forming the right, in column by division, preceded by two companies of sharpshooters, to attack the village on the south side.

"The third battalion, forming the left, similarly organized, to attack the village on the west side.

"The second battalion, in the centre, somewhat in the rear, forming the reserve, ready to support either battalion, also in column with advanced sharpshooters.

"The three columns, gradually advancing, were, at a given signal, to concentrate on Rebecchetto, and entering the main street, which runs from west to east, were to endeavor to cut off the enemy's retreat.

"While General de la Motterouge was carrying out these manoeuvres with the Algerian riflemen, I myself took the requisite steps to bring up the other regiments of his division. The 45th of the line, second regiment of the first brigade, received the order to follow the track of the Algerian riflemen.

"About two o'clock General de la Motterouge advanced with his three battalions on Rebecchetto, followed by a battery of the general reserve of the army, directed by General Buger in person.

"The columns of Algerian riflemen, urged on by the voice of General de la Motterouge, and by their colonel, advanced on Rebecchetto without firing.

"They were received by a heavy fire of musketry from the Austrians, whereupon they charged with the bayonet. In ten minutes they had cleared the village of the enemy. At the outlet of the village they brought their guns into play, and fired some twelve rounds of grape, which had no effect in stopping the ardor of our men. Our guns opened in reply with such success that the enemy was obliged to run for it. The riflemen followed them to within two kilometres beyond Rebecchetto, and killed a great number. General Auger, by his making his battery take up four different positions happily selected, did them great damage.

"In one of these positions General Auger, fancying he perceived an Austrian gun in the high corn, that had some difficulty in following the retreat of the others, galloped up to it and took possession of it. Near the gun he found the officer cut in two by a cannon shot.

"While this was taking place at Rebecchetto a column of Austrian cavalry appeared on our left, coming from Castano.

"I advanced a battalion of the 65th, and two field-pieces against it. Two shots sufficed to make it retreat.

"The enemy has suffered considerably. The field of battle is covered with dead and arms of all sorts. We have not made many prisoners, which is explained by the nature of the ground upon which we fought.

"On our side we lost one captain, killed (Captain Yannesbont), four officers wounded, one a colonel of the staff (M. de Laveaucoupet), seven soldiers killed, and thirty-eight wounded, among whom four, I am told, are Voltigeurs of the Garde, whose sharpshooters were engaged with the enemy in the rear of Rebecchetto.

"I cannot as yet, sire, give to your Majesty precise details of this affair, which gives an additional proof of what your Majesty may expect from our soldiers since they have entered on the campaign.

"I have not as yet received the official reports of those who most distinguished themselves. All bravely and worthily did their duty; but I may point out to your Majesty, General de la Motterouge, as having given proof of irresistible energy; General Auger, for the deeds mentioned above, and which, according to military code, deserve mention in the general army orders; Colonel Laveaucoupet, who, while fighting hand to hand with the Austrian riflemen, received a bayonet wound in the head; Colonel Laure of the Algerian rifles, for the skill with which he brought up his men against the enemy."

An English officer thus epitomises the opening actions of this campaign:

By the disposition of his forces, the Emperor of the French led the Austrian commanders to believe that he would commence operations by Stradella and Piacenza. In consequence the Austrian commander pushed forward a reconnaissance to ascertain the position and strength of the allied forces. The result was the battle of Montebello.

Suddenly the whole front of the allied army was changed, and the advance of the whole line began with the passage of the Sesia by the King of Sardinia. At Palestro, as at Montebello, the Austrians had the advantage in numbers. The ground was favorable to them, and they were strongly entrenched. The Sardinians, with the aid of one regiment of Zouaves, won every position by the strong arm and the stout heart. There was no room for strategy, and the bayonet alone carried the Austrian batteries.

After their defeat at Palestro, and the occupation of Novara by General Niel, the Austrians seem to have caught a glimpse of the plans of the Allies. They made a hurried retreat over the Ticino by Bereguardo and Pavia, and the forces at Stradella were withdrawn across the Po. The Allies, however, pressed them closely, and General MacMahon was reconnoitering on the right bank of the Ticino almost as soon as they reached the left bank of that river. Simultaneously, the Austrian corps of Count Cam-Gallas was moved up from Brescia and Milan, and everything portended a great, if not a decisive conflict.

On Saturday, June 4, the Allies crossed the Ticino by the bridge of Buffalora, which the Austrians had only partially destroyed, and by a bridge constructed at Turbigo, five miles higher up the stream, and occupied the town of Magenta. The Austrian commander-in-chief had his headquarters at Abbiate Grasso, a few miles to the south and east, with the Ticino on his left, the canalised streams of Nerviglio and Ticinello on his right, and some difficult ground in his rear. His position is said to have been badly selected, as it compelled him to offer battle; but it is surmised that the advance of General Baraguay d'Hilliers into the Lomellina with three divisions of infantry and one of cavalry, left him no choice. With a view to forcing the French and Sardinians to recross the Ticino, General Gyal ordered Zobel's division to attack their right at Magenta, while Prince Liechtenstein, with two divisions of Schwarzenberg's corps d'armée, operated against the allied centre. Zobel's attack was partially successful; but Liechtenstein was driven back, and the left wing of the French was rallied. The Allies then assumed the offensive, and notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, they were able in two hours to deploy a line of 60,000 men. The Austrians on their side numbered nearly 80,000, with a powerful artillery. After a terrible fight the Austrian left was turned by Canrobert, and thrown upon their centre at Abbiate Grasso. The Austrian centre, swelled by the broken columns of their left wing, was thrown into disorder, and thousands fell under the fire of the French artillery. At this decisive moment General MacMahon arrived, and supported by General Durand's division, he charged the Austrian line. "The shock was terrible," writes a correspondent; "dead and wounded were now falling by thousands; the Austrians were routed, and the victory was won." The Austrian loss was fearful. From 15,000 to 20,000 men were killed and wounded, and 5,000 were made prisoners.

On the 8th, Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel entered Milan in triumph, amid the usual enthusiastic acclamations of a people who, accustomed to slavery, hail every change of masters as a sick man does a change in position. These reverses compelled the Austrians to retire from Pavia, and retreat to the River Adda, a distance of about twenty miles; in this retreat they were closely pursued by the allies, by the corps under Baraguay d'Hilliers, and a battle was fought on the 8th at Malesagno, in which the Austrians were defeated, with the loss of 1,300 prisoners.

The Exploits of Garibaldi.

We last left Garibaldi in full possession of Como and the shores of that romantic lake, the abode of those singing birds, prime donne, of ballet dancers and poets. The energetic chief had, by his sagacity and promptitude, almost entirely cleared the vicinity of the Aur-

trian General D'Urban's bands, and scattered them in such various directions as to leave them little chance of rejoining the main army driven from the Ticino and Milan. The insurgents of the Valteline were proceeding in great force to occupy the important pass of the Stelvio, which is the main route from Austria to Lombardy for any reinforcements that might be sent against the French.

D'Urban had under his command about 12,000 men, with which he attacked Varese, but was repulsed by Garibaldi with great slaughter. Retiring to Camerlata, D'Urban was attacked by Garibaldi the next day, and was again victorious, his 5,000 men and two guns proving more than a match for 12,000 Austrians with eighteen cannon. During Garibaldi's absence at Lecco, D'Urban appears to have rallied and again attacked Varese, which, after a stout defence, he bombarded and forcibly entered. He found that the wounded Austrians had been carefully tended in the town hospital, and here the account stops short.

Captain De Christopheris, the right-hand man of Garibaldi, fell gloriously in a skirmish at Sesto Calende. He made all the campaigns through Italy in 1848, and was one of the Manara Legion that fought at Rome. Laveno is the only strong point on the Lake Maggiore still held by the Austrians. Chiavenna, Lecco, and all the margin of Lake Como being in the hands of the Italians, D'Urban's force is likely to be intercepted by the left wing of the Allies crossing the Ticino, above Novara, in which case it is he that will have to take refuge in Switzerland. Garibaldi has the whole Valteline in his rear.

The following letter from Garibaldi's camp gives a vivid account of the exploits of this famous chieftain:

Letter from Garibaldi's Camp.

A private letter, dated Como, May 30, says:

"Dear Friend—You wrote me that great things are expected from the Cacciatori degli Alpi, and I hope you find already you are not deceived in your expectations. Our battles at Varese, S. Fermo and Como must be considered as some of the best *faits d'armes* of the campaign of 1859.

"We were attacked at Varese on the 26th, when we not only repulsed the Austrians but pursued them. On the 27th, Garibaldi ordered us to march on Como, and we met the enemy strongly fortified at S. Fermo. The impetuosity of our Cacciatori forced, in half-an-hour, their intrenchments, and the Austrians abandoned all their positions in great haste and disorder. The Cacciatori pursued them very hotly, and, in less than five hours all the Costa di S. Fermo was entirely ours. It is naturally one of the strongest positions that can be imagined. We were not quite 5,000 and the enemy 10,000, with 200 horsemen and eight pieces of artillery.

"General Garibaldi was invariably in the places of greatest danger, always within musket shot, with our brave soldiers fighting and crying 'Viva Garibaldi!' He thought constantly of their safety, and never of his own.

"Colonel Medici, and all the other colonels, were examples to the brave. All the *etat majors* highly distinguished themselves. Considering the difficulties, numbers and circumstances, the taking of Como must be, in the history of our war of independence, one of the most brilliant and boldest actions. An elderly English gentleman was with us, and fought like a lion. He is in the companies of Bersaglieri formed at Ivrea, and composed for the greatest part of Genoese.

"On the other hand, a wealthy English family living at Como, in the house of Marchese Brivio, of Milan, was constantly employed in giving all the information they could to General D'Urban. On the 27th, it has been proved, two gentlemen of that family supplied the Austrian General with notices that prevented our splendid victory from producing all the advantages we should have derived from it, but for such an espionage. The indignation of the people was such that the two gentlemen were arrested, and their being shot was universally demanded. Count Visconti, the Piedmontese Commissioner, saved their lives, and they were expelled. If they live, it is not due to forgiveness of their crime, but to the desire of the Government to be generous and friendly to the British.

"The Austrian Marshal D'Urban is a ferocious soldier of the school of the famous Haynau. He shot, with his own hand and a revolver, a poor peasant, named Felice Romano, of Robbio, near Como, twenty-four years old, without any provocation, and only because he was told the unhappy man was a friend to the Italian cause. Antonio Galfetti, another peasant, forty-four years old, was wounded by a *coup de sabre*, and by the same D'Urban, while he was at the door of his house with a child eight months old in his arms. There would be no end if I were to tell you all the enormities committed by this monster, D'Urban."

Anecdotes of the War.

WOUNDED VOLUNTEERS AT PALESTRO.—In a proclamation to the troops, which was printed on the 1st inst., the King Victor gives the news of the previous day's victory, which was followed by another victorious combat at six o'clock at Palestro, where the enemy, returning to the attack, was again repulsed by Cialdini's division, with which fought the Zouaves and the Alessandria Light Horse. Numerous are the incidents worthy of mention. The King precipitated himself wherever the fight was the hottest, and in vain did the Zouaves place themselves before him to keep him back. General Della Marmora had a horse badly wounded. The King found upon the field two mortally wounded volunteers, and addressed to them words of consolation. "Your Majesty," said one of them, "it grieves me to die in the first battle." "Sire," exclaimed the other, "liberate this poor Italy!"

AN ORPHAN FROM MONTEBELLO.—A letter from Casale says: "I met in the Pizzzo Savone, a French Light Infantry soldier, with a sparrow perched on his shoulder; the soldier smoking, the sparrow chirruping. 'You breed birds, my fine fellow?' said I. The man smiled, and answered, 'This is an orphan from Montebello. The day of the fight, on leaving the village, we chased the Austrians across the fields. Bullets whistled among the trees like hail, and this poor bird, quite young, being terrified, fell from his nest on my arm. I thrust it into my shako, which had been pierced through by two balls, and thought no more of it, until, on returning, I felt something scratch my head, and then I said, 'It is my little prisoner!' and, to the surprise and astonishment of my comrades, I produced him. I have kept him since, and now we love each other dearly—do we not, Montebello?" As he spoke he held out his finger to the bird, which hopped on it without hesitation. I begged permission to buy Montebello a few cherries, and to caress it. Catullus would not have kissed more ardently the bird of Lesbia than I did that sparrow."

THE ZOUAVES AND THEIR PRIZE.—The *Opinione* of Turin has a letter from Vercelli, which contains the following: "The Zouaves rivalled our own men in trying to prevent the King from being touched at Palestro; but seeing that they could not prevent his Majesty from advancing, they ran before him. Thirteen Zouaves took a cannon; twelve of them were wounded, some in the head, the others in the arms or legs, a corporal alone was not touched. A Zouave, who was covered with blood, but whose ardor was unabated, said to his comrades, 'We have no horses to draw the cannon, but let us take twelve prisoners and harness them to the piece!' This was done, and the gun was taken to Palestro in triumph."

A KING MADE A CORPORAL.—At a Zouave banquet, after the battle, several of the men spoke of the gallant manner in which the King had behaved at Palestro, and expressed, in their picturesque language, interspersed with Arabic expressions, their admiration of the Piedmontese sovereign. Some proposed to send him an address of congratulation. "What is it you determine to do?" asked one of them. "What?" replied an old sergeant, "is there any man, however high his rank, who would not be proud to be called brave by the Zouaves, who are, as the Emperor has said, the first soldiers in the world?" "That is true," was the answer from all present.

"Ah," exclaimed a bugleman, "I have an idea; let us nominate him to the rank of corporal!" This proposition was unanimously approved of, and the nomination was accordingly made with great formality, the oldest sergeant standing up, and with a loud voice solemnly declaring, "In the name of the Third Zouaves, Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, is named to the rank of corporal in the said regiment." And it was decided that a document signed by the whole of the party present should be sent to the King to acquaint him with his promotion. That was done the next day, and the King conceived the whole proceeding the highest honor that could be conferred on him.

THE TURCOS.—A letter from Novara of the 3d, in the *Constitutionnel*, says: "Yesterday visited the camp of the Turcos. Their manners are most strange. Though they have tents they sleep outside them, discipline not absolutely requiring that they should deprive themselves of air. When the hour of dinner arrives, an ox is slaughtered, and the meat is distributed whilst still warm; but many a Kabyle does not wait until his portion is cooked, but eats it raw. 'You have great confidence in these soldiers?' I said to an officer. 'I only fear cavalry on their account,' he answered. 'They rush up to the mouth of cannon, they bear down entire ranks of infantry, but a soldier on horseback inspires them with a certain fear.' On entering Novara the Turcos had a singular idea—every man went into the barbers' shops and had himself shaved. Crowds collected to see the operation done; but what can have caused the Turcos thus to violate their custom I am unable to tell."

GARIBOLDI'S HEROES.—Most of the volunteers composing the troops now fighting under General Garibaldi, and who have lately achieved such gallant deeds against the Austrians in Northern Lombardy, are the officers and men who were organized and brought to so high a state of military efficiency in the British Italian Legion, when commanded by Colonel Burnaby, of the Grenadier Guards. Their gallant conduct shows how valuable their services would have been to the British army had the Crimea war continued. Captain de Cristoforo, who distinguished himself so greatly in capturing two Austrian guns before meeting his death, when commanding the advanced guard at Sesto Calende, had been a lieutenant in the Italian Legion, and, on its disbandment, became known to many high personages in England, when conducting a military school near London, as already stated.

MAGENTA, which will henceforth become illustrious in story, is a small town of about six thousand inhabitants, situated near Naviglio Grande. It is the first stage on the road to Milan, from Novara by Belfiore. Three roads lead from Novara to the banks of the Ticino. The first and the most direct passes by Cameri, and ends at the bridge of Belfiore; the second, more to the north, passes through Galliate and descends to the river nearly opposite the village of Turbigo; and the third, still more to the north, passes through Cameri and Pichelone, and by a curve joins the Ticino at some distance from the Galliate road. At the moment when the French troops crossed the Ticino, General Gyalai, who was evacuating the Lombellina, had quitted Grasso and transferred his headquarters to Abbiate Grasso, on the left bank of the river, a few kilometres above Belfiore.

THE TOWNSFOLK OF MILAN AND COMO.—The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* writes: "In announcing to the Emperor that Milan was insurgent, Napoleon III. was not aware of the utterly unarmed condition of the townspeople. Not a pistol or firelock of any sort had been left in their hands; the butchers' knives were counted; spits used in English kitchens are unknown there as well as pokers; hence no struggle was possible, and the small garrison left in the Castello barracks walked off unmolested. It was not so at Como. A letter from a French shopkeeper established in that town is printed in the *Semaine du Jura*, and the first entrance of Garibaldi is graphically sketched—the booming of the church bells, the digging up of old rusty muskets, the mustering of the townsfolk, the pursuit of the flying Tedeschi, escaping by La Porta di Plinio (the elder and younger Pliny seem the tutelary saints of Como, their statues gracing the porch of the cathedral), and towering above the eager crowds, the uplifted sabre of the bold deliverer, covered with dust and smeared with blood and gunpowder."

THE FRENCH IN TUSCANY.—News has been received that Prince Napoleon's corps d'armée (the 5th) has taken up a position in the Apennines. Modena is occupied by a large Austrian force.

CAPTURE OF A FRENCH VESSEL.—Near Biancho the Austrian war steamer *Eugen* captured the French three-master *Raoul*, of Nantes, bound from Cuba for Trieste with a cargo of coffee. It is doubtful, however, if the prize can be retained, as it will have to be proved that the captain of the *Raoul* was aware of the declaration of war.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Dr. Alexander on the Ladies.—What a horrid fraud Satan is practising on the Church in regard to the daughters of the covenant! In fashionable circles—dare I name them Christian!—the years where girlhood merges to manhood are frequently sold to the adversary. The young American woman is to deem herself a goddess. If there be wealth, if there be accomplishments, if there be beauty, almost a miracle seems necessary to prevent the loss of the soul. Behold her pass from this pedestal to the altar! The charming victim is decked for the sacrifice. Every breath that comes to her is incense. Her very studies are to fit her for admiration. Day and night the gay and wretched maiden is taught to think of self and selfish pleasures. Till some Lutheran scholasticism interrupts the whirl, the season is too short for the engagements. Grave parents shake their heads at magnificent apparel, costly gowns, turned into day, dances at which Romans would have blanched, pale cheeks, beaming frames, threatened decay; and yet they allow and submit. And thus that sex, which ought to show the sweet, unselfish innocence of a holy youth, is carried to the overheated temples of pleasure. Thus the recalled Christian violates the Apostle's maxim, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

A Strange Duel.—The *Montreal Herald* gives the following account of a singular duel, said to have been fought in that city on the 16th inst: "It would appear that about half-past ten o'clock yesterday morning, Councillor Anclaire, while walking in McGill street, was accosted by a stranger, whose name he does not know, but who, at first, came from France. The stranger told the councillor that his conduct on the night previous, in supporting the Mayor, was not becoming for a gentleman. To this Councillor Anclaire replied that he had a right to think and act as he pleased, that he was of opinion the Mayor should be sustained, and that, therefore, he supported him. The stranger, it is stated, then observed that Councillor Anclaire was a rascal, in answer to which assertion the councillor said, 'You may prove that if you like, but not in the street.' The stranger said he had pistols; and he with a friend who accompanied him, as well as the councillor, at once took a cab and drove in the direction of Sherbrooke street. The three then repaired to a field in the rear of McGill College. The pistols were then loaded by the stranger's friend. Councillor Anclaire and the stranger then separated ten paces. The word was given, and they both fired; the stranger fell wounded in the right foot, his opponent was unhurt. Councillor Anclaire states that he could not make out even the name of the stranger, but he says he was a tall, dark man, and resides in a certain hotel in the vicinity of McGill street. Councillor Anclaire, himself, is a man upwards of fifty years of age, and his vision is not the strongest; in fact, it is stated that he had to use spectacles while engaged in the duel."

We are strongly inclined to think that Councillor Anclaire must have enjoyed that peculiar state of vision when men are double. Fight a man and not know his name, and cannot tell what has become of him! Rather a queer commentary upon the expression, "his vision was none of the strongest," and that he had to use glasses while engaged in the duel.

A New Jersey Monster.—The *Port Jervis Union* has the following reference to Dr. Wickham: "Dr. Wickham, who was undoubtedly the leading spirit in the conspiracy, and who administered the fatal dose of arsenic to the unfortunate woman, while acting as her physician, under the guise of a harmless, charitable, and a wealthy and respectable farmer of the town of Greenville, in this county. The doctor is about thirty years of age, a fine-looking man, well educated and intelligent. This is by no means his first crime. Several years since he was implicated in a resurrection case, from the penal consequences of which he narrowly escaped. He is reputed to have been for years past in extensive practice through this section as an abortionist. It is even stated, upon what we believe to be good authority, that only a few days since, while the investigation in Mrs. Cole's case was in progress, a married woman in the town of Wantage, N.J., came to her death under his practice. Another fact in his career is worthy of note in this connection: It has transpired recently, that he had effected an insurance with a New York Company, a year or two ago, for a large sum, upon the life of a notorious woman, who is frequently seen in the streets of Port Jervis. The developments in the case of Mrs. Cole warrant a

presumption as to the fate premeditated for another victim. Indeed, the summing up of Dr. Wickham's villainies, as they have partially come to light, show him to be a monster in crime, whose existence is a damning blot upon humanity, and of whom the world must rid itself by a speedy and retributive justice."

A Pucky Damsel.—There is told in Bangor a decidedly "good thing" about a handsome young lady who was "run away with." Thus reads the narrative as related in the *Bangor Whig*: "A Miss Follett, of Turner, had a narrow escape from death, in Lewiston, a few days ago. She was proceeding to go to Bangor in company with a gentleman, with a horse and chaise. They drove up to Lisbon Block, and the gentleman got out, leaving the lady in the chaise, and threw the reins over the horse. The horse almost immediately started on a run up Lisbon street, down Main street across the toll bridge to Jordan's livery stable, into which he ran, the doors being open. Not being satisfied with this race, he plunged through a small door at the further end of the stable, when the wheels of the chaise brought up against the end of the barn, and the whiplash broke and freed the horse, leaving the young lady safely in the chaise. No damage was done to the horse or chaise, and as soon as the astonished spectators could arrive, Miss Follett requested that the horse be again harnessed; and as soon as this could be done she and her companion drove off."

An Old New Yorker.—Mr. Mayor Copland died at his residence in Brooklyn on Saturday last, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was born in New York in 1793, and graduated at an early age at Columbia College. In 1818 he went to Buenos Ayres for some years; in 1824 he went into the grocery business at the corner of Main and Front streets, Brooklyn; about 1830 he became interested in real estate speculation; in 1832 he represented the Second District of the Board of Aldermen, with Robert Jay; in 1833 he ran for President of the village of Brooklyn, but was defeated by George Hall; in 1840 he was appointed by the Governor one of the three Judges of the Municipal Court; he was appointed Clerk of the Common Council, and held the position until 1845, when he was defeated as Clerk, but elected again May 3, 1847; in 1849 he was elected Mayor of Brooklyn; in 1846 he was elected to the Board of Education, and continued an active member of that body until August 4, 1857, when he resigned; he was in October, 1858, Comptroller of the Cemetery of the Evergreens. He leaves a wife and three children.

Disappointed of a Drink.—The large body of Chicago excursionists who visited Cincinnati a few days since, were invited to inspect Longworth's celebrated wine cellars, and expected, each one, to be treated to huge mugs of "sparkling Catawba," but didn't get a drop, over which the returned "Sunbeams" are surely disappointed. One polite attendant showed the thirty set the instrument they craved the bottles with! Dr. Egan, of the *Press and Tribune*, says he wanted to see the instrument they pulled the corks out with, but the polite attendant knew of nothing of the kind!

A Man and Woman Tarr'd and Feather'd in Kinderhook.—The *Albany Times* gives the particulars of a case of tarring and feathering in the village of Kinderhook a few nights ago. It appears that in December last, a resident of Kinderhook, named Sylvester Groat, left his wife and children, eloping with a girl named Evangelina Folansky, of Stuyvesant Depot. Subsequent developments go to show that Groat returned to his wife and was forgiven, he promising to "reform his conduct altogether." Whether he did or not was not definitely known, until the occurrences of a few days since were made manifest.

Thursday of last week Groat sent his wife and four children to Schock on a visit. The same day, as he was observed by several villagers, he went to Stuyvesant Depot (where his inamorata resided), and it was known to some that he returned to Kinderhook with her, and that the two took lodgings at Groat's house. For a day or two the matter was noised about town, some believing and others discrediting the statement. Finally a committee was formed and stationed about the house to ascertain the truth or falsity of the story. The result of their espionage was the ascertainment that the guilty parties were occupants of the house, and it was determined to give them a reception as their conduct deserved. Accordingly, at a late hour, a party from Schock, as is supposed, surrounded Groat's house and demanded admittance. Receiving no reply to their demands, the door was forced open, and the guilty pair were discovered. Groat was forcibly taken from the house in his nightclothes into the open air, when the party decided to return for his partner in sin. But upon again entering the room she was not to be found, until a thorough search of the room was made, when she was discovered in her nightclothes, snugly stowed away under the bed.

Deprived of all external forms, the unfortunate woman was raised and taken out into the yard with Groat. Here a coat of tar and feathers was applied to each. The body of Groat was completely saturated with the "stitchy" preparation, a quantity being poured over his head. The woman was more humanely treated, being covered with it only from the shoulders downwards. Next a coat of tar and feathers was applied, and the two "subjects" placed in a wagon, were drawn about the village, amid the derisive shouts of the people, who were attracted to the spot by the unearthly noise proceeding from the pious, dinner horns, &c.

After traversing the principal streets, the unfortunate pair, minus everything but tar and feathers, were permitted to forego further display. They at once repaired to the house of Groat, where from subsequent developments it was ascertained that they proceeded to relieve their bodies of the uncoerced covering given them. The next day both walked to the depot, and took the train enroute to Albany. It is mentioned to us that both man and woman have highly respectable persons living, and who are trying to keep the consequences of this infatuation. It is supposed that Groat and his inamorata are yet in this city.

A Singular Elopement.—Mr. Alvin F. Eddy, a merchant of Marquette, Lake Superior, arrived in Detroit last week, by the steamer North Star from Lake Superior in search of his sister, who had disappeared from Marquette lately. The sister was a married woman, who had left behind her in her flight her husband, a respectable man named Barnes, possessed of ample means to make their home comfortable, and a child but six months old. At the time of her disappearance a young man named Cochran, a ship carpenter, formerly residing at Adrian in this State, also went away, and no trace of either of them could be found. The steamer *Lady Elgin* left that port for Chicago on the same day, and it was supposed that the two had gone together on this boat. The brother was in great distress, and seemed perfectly at a loss what to do. He applied to Messrs. Gunning and Budgett, private detectives, for assistance. They telegraphed to Chicago, but found that the steamer had not yet arrived at that place. They then telegraphed to Milwaukee, and ascertained that the boat was then lying at that port, but would leave during the evening for Chicago. The captain of the *Lady Elgin* replied to a despatch which they sent him, that the pair were passengers on his boat, and that he would arrive in Chicago this morning. The brother left immediately for Chicago, where he hoped to intercept the runaway. The case has many singular phases. Mr. Eddy states that the husband of his sister is a man of good reputation and well off. Both he and his wife have always moved in the most respectable society. There has never been any difficulty whatever between them, but on the contrary they have always lived together in the most affectionate manner, and seemed mutually devotedly attached to each other. The child that is cruelly left without a mother's care is an interesting babe, to whom Mrs. Barnes ever wears of giving attention. On the other hand, Cochran is represented as being a worthless young fellow, with no standing in society and no means.

No Fairy Like a Woman Scorned.—A terrible illustration of what a scorned woman's fury will lead her to do occurred last week in Milwaukee. A lady of that city, returning unexpectedly from a drive, imagined she heard voices in the room usually occupied by herself and husband. The door being closed, she was reduced to the keyhole, and to this aperture she applied her eye. She saw the figure of a woman, and standing by her was the husband of the jealous wife, actually engaged in adjusting a shawl upon the shoulders of the female intruder. The wife went to another room, took a loaded shot gun, returned, opened the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. The lady screamed, the wife faint. When the latter returned to consciousness she found the figure of a husband kneeling over her with a well-learned solicitude in his glance. Mutual explanations ensued, and the body of the woman who had been shot was brought in. It was a dummy! The husband, who pursued the respectable calling of a retail grocery dealer, was wont to use this figure to exhibit the manillas and shawls with which he desired to charm the eyes of the Milwaukee ladies. The dummy, from long exposure and hard usage, had become shabby, and the merchant had that morning brought from the shop for the purpose of renovating its exterior. Not finding wife he was trying in his awkward way to do the work, and was probably swearing at his clumsy attempts, when his wife, mistaking the accents of passion, let fly the fatal shot. This tragedy in real life will teach her a lesson—perhaps.

Tribune Criticism.—In a recent review of John Brougham's new drama of *Quintin Mays*, the delicate critic of that excellent paper for "culled persons" price only two cents, filled with all trials for crime, &c., with the nicest detail—not to put too fine a point upon it—the *Tribune* indulges in the following little bit of brag: "Mr. ——— with that inevitable little look of hair, looked like an insane donkey with his mane gone mad." Had the writer put "pen" for "mane," he would have drawn his own portrait to a nicety. Why the reviewer of this excellent dandy's paper allow praise boys and rowdies to dabble with "manes" and "hair," the *Tribune* has the largest specimen of an insane donkey at large, out of Cockneydom! We understand Mr. Dwyer is boiling over to ougel the same insane and critical donkey for equally malicious remarks upon his performance in the same play. Damages laid at ten thousand brays!

Death of Dr. Bailey.—We regret to announce that the editor of the *Washington National* died at sea on board the *Argo*, on Sunday, 5th June. He was on his way to Europe, accompanied by his son, in the vain hope that relaxation from the exhausting routine of his avocation might restore his wasted powers. But it was too late, and a cold he caught, from remaining too long on deck, precipitated the fatal moment. His last hours were cheered by the affectionate care of his son and Mr. Raymond, the editor of the *Daily Times*. He leaves a wife and six children. Dr. Bailey was an able, honest and fearless man, and distinguished for his freedom from personal malice. He has rendered for the last sixteen years in Washington, thirteen of which he has devoted to the editing of the *National*, a paper of which he was the founder. He has introduced many eminent writers to the public, among them, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Southworth, and others of equal ability. He was in his 58th year.

For Foreign News see Page 78.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Fyfe, the Chess Editor, Box 2406, N. Y. P. O.

THE MORPHY-THOMPSON MATCH.—This match, at the odds of the Knight, has terminated in favor of Mr. Morphy, the score being, Morphy, 5; Thompson, 3; drawn, 1. It is now very probable that Mr. Morphy will play a match with Mr. Liechtenstein, the strongest player of the New York Chess Club, at the same odds.

MATCH AND TOURNAMENT.—The match between Mr. Perrin and Mr. Marache has terminated in favor of Mr. Perrin, he winning five games against two in favor of Mr. Marache. Mr. Perrin has also conquered Mr. Rio, being the winner of the tournament of eight players for Board and Chess men.

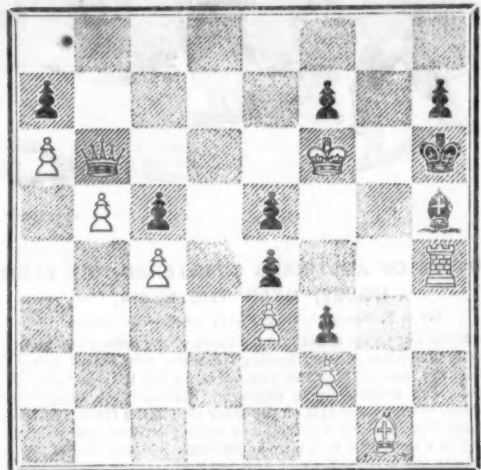
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Full replies next week.

ST. JAMES'S CHESS CLUB.—M. Baubert, being still resident in London, has been a frequent visitor lately at the above Club, and dispelled, by his presence, a portion of that dulness which has seized the London Chess world since Mr. Morphy's departure. The attendance in other respects, has also been far beyond what might have been expected, considering the numerous circumstances, political and otherwise, that have tended to cause a thin muster in the various Chess circles of the metropolis. Some good games have been contested, a portion of which we shall soon have the pleasure of laying before our readers.

A NEW STAR HAS RISEN in the Chess world in M. Kollisch, a native of Germany. Our friend, M. St. Amant, when recently in London, informed us generally on the subject, and we now, from that gentleman's paper, *Le Sport*, extract the following brief particulars of this young player. In Paris he has engaged with Harwitz, winning two, drawing one, and losing one out of the four games played; while with M. De Riviere the result has been five and five, and four drawn. Our amiable contemporary speaks loudly in praise of the play of this young master (whose age is identical with Morphy's), and goes so far as to rank him with the present champion of the Chess world. Time will show how far such an opinion is warranted; but, if it be true, as we hear that Mr. Harwitz has declined a challenge from M. Kollisch, we cannot but feel sure that he is no mean antagonist for any living player. We shall return to the subject again when we are in possession of further details from the French capital. Meanwhile we must congratulate our French friends on their having the void caused by Morphy's departure so immediately filled.—*London Era.*

PROBLEM No. 201.—By A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

(PRINCE'S DEFENCE.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	12 B to B4 (d)	Q to K5
2 Kt to KB3	P to Q3	13 Kt to Q6	B to Kt
3 P to Q4	P to P4	14 Q to B3	Q to B3
4 Q to K5	Kt to KB3	15 Q to Q4	P to Q4
5 P to K5 (d)	Q to K2	16 B to K5	Kt to B (c)
6 B to K5 (c)	B to Q2	17 R to Q	Kt to KB3
7 Kt to B3	Kt to B3	18 Kt to K5	R to Q4
8 B to Kt	B to B3	19 B to Q4	R to Q4
9 B to K5	Kt to Q2	20 B to B (ch)	Kt to B
10 P to P (c)	Q to K1	21 R to Q7	P to Q4
11 R to K (ch)	B to K2	22 Kt to KBP and wins.	

- (a) Productive of most interesting variations, and making it necessary for Black to take great care in the defence.
- (b) Correctly played; providing for the capture of the Queen's Kt on its being brought into play.
- (c) M. de Riviere has now got a fine game.
- (d) This gives him a still more decided superiority in position.
- (e) Black was compelled to play thus; any other move would have lost him a piece.

This game was played by Mr. Morphy simultaneously with four others against the five following strong players, Messrs. Barnes, Bird, Boden, De Riviere and Lowenthal, at the St. James's Chess Club, a few days before he left England for America. His antagonist in this particular is considered second to none of our finest players in England.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	27 Kt to KB	Kt to B (c)
2 Kt to KB3	Kt to Q3	28 Q to K5	B to Q2
3 P to Q4	P to P4	29 Kt to Q3	Q to K2
4 B to B4	B to B4	30 Kt to B3	Q to K
5 Castles	P to Q3	31 Q to Kt	P to Kt3
6 P to B2	Kt to B3	32 B to R4	P to Kt4
7 P to P	B to Kt3	33 B to B2	P to Q4
8 Kt to B3	B to Kt5	34 R to Kt	B to Q
9 B to K3	Castles	35 P to Kt4	P to Kt4 (f)
10 Q to Q3	Q to Q2	36 P to Kt5	Kt to Kt
11 Kt to Q2	Kt to K2 (a)	37 P to K4	P to K4 (g)
12 B to Kt3	P to Q4	38 P to Pawns	R to B2
13 P to K6	P to K	39 R to Kt2	B to R4
14 P to K3	B to K4	40 Q to Kt (h)	Q to Kt
15 P to B4	P to K4 (b)	41 Kt to Kt5	B to Kt5
16 K to R2	P to B3	42 R to Kt3	Q to K (i)
17 B to Kt	Kt to R (c)	43 R to R2	P to Kt3
18 B to Q2	B to Kt	44 R to Kt	R to Kt2
19 Kt to B3	Kt to B2	45 Q to R3	Q to K2
20 P to Q4 (d)	Kt to K3	46 K to Kt	B to Kt5
21 Kt to Q2	Kt to Kt	47 R to R6	R to Kt
22 Kt to Kt3	Kt to R3	48 R to R	B to Kt2 (k)
23 Kt to R4	Q to K2	49 R to P (h) (i)	K to B2
24 Kt to B5	Kt to Kt	50 R to R6	R to R
25 Kt to Kt	Kt to Kt5 (ch)	51 P to R	Q to R P
52 K to R	Q to R5		

And the game was abandoned as drawn.

- (a) In order to break up White's game by moving P to Q4.
- (b) Apparently best. Q to K5 was rejected on account of the following variation: 18 Q to KB4 19 Kt to Kt3 20 Kt to Kt3 21 Q to Kt3 22 R to B2, and Black is now threatened with the loss of his QB, which he must lose time in preventing.
- (c) To hinder White from ever playing Kt to K4.
- (d) Forestalling Black's contemplated manoeuvre of Kt to K3, and then P to B4.
- (e) Is questionable whether this was expedient.
- (f) A good move.
- (g) An evident slip, as if P retakes P, after the R P has been captured en passant, White can plainly, with impunity, capture the B with R.
- (h) Also an oversight; he ought first to have taken K Kt P with P or R. But the concluding moves of this were hurriedly played owing to the lateness of the hour.
- (i) The only move to avoid the loss of the Bishop.
- (k) This was also played without due examination; the correct move being Q to K2. If in answer, however, to the one in the text, White had ventured, after taking Pawns with R, checking, to move Q to Kt5, he would have lost the game by Black's playing R to K3 (ch) and then R to Q3.
- (l) If not pressed for time to lock into the position, both players must have seen that White would have gained the game by the advance of P to K6.



ROUTING OF AUSTRIANS QUARTERED IN A FARM-HOUSE, NEAR THE SESIA, BY A RECONNOITRING PARTY OF PIEDMONTES.

36.10

ROUTING OF AUSTRIANS QUARTERED IN A FARM-HOUSE, NEAR THE SESIA,

By a Reconnoitring Party of Piedmontese.

LAST week our paper contained a picture of the Bersaglieri and the Tenth Piedmontese infantry fording the Sesia, their object being to surprise the rear guard of the Austrians. In this they perfectly succeeded. The accompanying engraving illustrates an occurrence, the scene of which was laid on the other side of the river. A reconnoitring squad of the Piedmontese having crossed the river, advanced in a right line to a farm-house some distance therefrom, in which was quartered a body of Austrian soldiers.

The Austrians were hardly warned of the approach of the enemy before the latter was upon them. A great number of them busied without the house in preparations for dinner fell at the first sharp crack of the Sardinian rifles. Their surviving out-door comrades took to flight, pursued by a detachment of the Piedmontese. Those within the house ran to their arms.

A brisk fire kept up for several minutes terminating in favor of the assailing party, the Austrians were dislodged from their position and compelled to surrender.

The number of the killed and wounded among the Austrians exceeded by far that of the Piedmontese.

This action took place on Saturday, the 25th of May last.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

THE most trying part of a battle is certainly not the actual engagement; a man's hot blood and excited passions will carry him through scenes which, had he leisure to contemplate, he would shrink back from in horror. But after the excitement is over, to look upon the face of a comrade whose heart but a few hours before beat high with life and hope, to do this calmly, requires more strength of nerve than most men can boast of.

Men whose courage is beyond any imputation, whose cheeks have not blanched, nor their eyes quailed amidst a hot shower of bullets, have given way at the sight of a wounded comrade, and the strong man has wept like a woman. Instances of this are by no means uncommon, and all men who have ever looked upon the sight will say the same.

In an engraving in this week's issue we have depicted the arrival of the French wounded at Alessandria after the battle of Montebello.

Most of the wounded were almost insensible to what was around them, but those who were conscious bore their sufferings with the most heroic fortitude.

One of the Zouaves, who had his foot smashed by a cannon shot in the most terrible manner, limped along with an air of insouciance, lending his support to a comrade whose powers of endurance were not equal to his own.

La Gloire, and the baton which every man's knapsack is supposed to contain, seem to be the sole ambition of the Zouaves; fatigue, hunger and wounds only appear to them to be difficulties thrown in their way, merely to enhance the value of the prize for which they fight.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF VICTOR EMANUEL AT CASALE.

WHEN the town of Casale was occupied by the Sardinian troops the King, Victor Emanuel, took up his quarters in the Charles Albert plaza, the spot represented in our engraving.

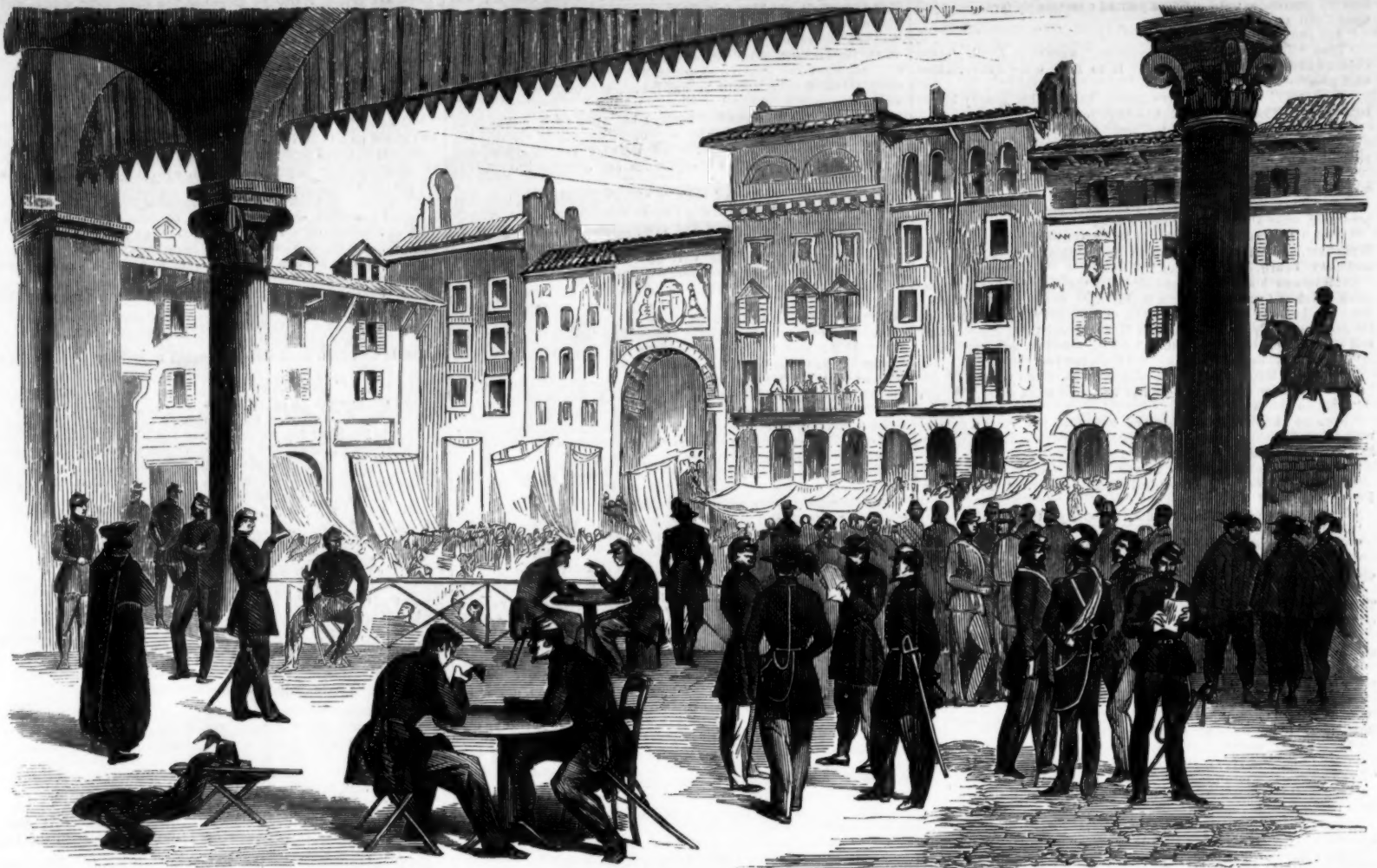
Here might be seen daily groups of soldiers intermingled with the citizens, warmly discussing the war and its progress; officers seated at tables and standing about, reading bulletins and papers; aide-de-camps hastily crossing the place charged with despatches from their generals; troops defiling in the open street, children shouting after them, and women gazing out of windows upon the busy scene below.

Casale is a town of some importance, having a population of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and being the capital of the province of Casale. It is situated on the right bank of the Po, about eighteen miles north-west of Alessandria. Its citadel, founded in 1590 by the Duke Vincenzo, was one of the strongest in Italy. The castle or palace is still standing, but the ramparts have been converted into promenades, and the defences are now insignificant. The cathedral is even said to have been founded so long ago as



ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED AT ALESSANDRIA AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

36.12



HEADQUARTERS OF VICTOR EMANUEL AT CASALE.

36.11

742; this will convey some idea of the antiquity of the place. Casale is the seat of a bishopric and a district court of justice. It was the capital of the ancient Marquisate or Duchy of Montferrat, where, in 1640, the Duke d'Harcourt defeated the Spaniards. Casale was taken and retaken several times by the French and Austrians, and formed for a time part of the department of Marengo, in the French Republic.

GENERAL FOREY.

GENERAL FOREY was born in Paris in 1804, and is, consequently, at the present moment, fifty-five years of age. The battle of Montebello, the first in the Italian campaign, was won by the troops under his command. At the battle of Magenta he distinguished himself so eminently that he was promoted to the command of the division in which he served.

General Forey, as almost all the general officers of the French army, distinguished himself in Africa, where he served for ten years as colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment. He commanded a brigade in Paris on the occasion of the *coup d'état*, and was at the head of the column of troops who escorted the members of the National Assembly, at the time of their dissolution from the place of meeting to the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay. After the formation of the Army of the East he had the command of the Fourth Division; he landed at Pyra, was present at the battle of Alma, and it was he who, on the morning of the 6th November, vigorously repulsed the Russians, who tried to penetrate into the French trenches while the battle of Inkerman was going on. Nevertheless, Forey was withdrawn from the Crimean army under circumstances which had a tendency to cast a shadow on his reputation, in consequence of his having exceeded his prescribed duty in certain communications with the enemy. The Emperor on that occasion put a favorable construction on his conduct, and he went to the Italian campaign as second in command of the First Division. His valor was very conspicuous at the battle of Montebello, where he was wounded, and his coat literally riddled with bullets, and he had a very narrow escape of being taken prisoner. When General Beuret fell pierced through the brain with a bullet, Forey rushed to the front and took Beuret's place. One shot shattered his scabbard and struck his leg, and another tore off part of his epaulette. His address to his soldiers is very laconic. Here it is:

"Soldiers of the First Division of the First Corps—We shall find ourselves to-morrow in the first line, and it is probable that we shall have the honor of first engaging the enemy. Remember that your fathers have always beaten that enemy, and you will do the same.

General of Division, Forey."

"Gavi, May 6.

RACES AND RELIGIONS.—The whole North American continent has only 36,000,000 of inhabitants—hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23,000,000—less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its sixty millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China Proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the New World. The result is, that our planet bears 1,288,000,000 of mankind; of which sum total 522,000,000 belong to the Mongolian, 369,000,000 to the Caucasian, 200,000,000 to the Malayan, 198,000,000 to the Ethiopian, and 1,000,000 to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335,000,000 of Christians, 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 belonging to Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 to Mohammedanism, and 300,000,000 of heathens.

ADA LEIGH; OR, THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.—HOME AGAIN. THE DISCOVERY.

It was sunset. A young horseman slowly pursued his way by a bridle-path over an extensive hill, forming one of a long range of downs extending like a belt across the country. In silence and in deep thought he went onward, and began to descend the sloping narrow track which conducted to the valley beneath.

He proceeded without pausing until he had gained a broad grassy knoll; then he reined in his steed, and gazed around him.

The sun was fast declining; his crimsoned beams were tinting with sanguine hues the ridges and crests of hills and trees. Far down in

the valley, a deep violet mist, slowly rising, hid from view the straggling cottages and farms extending to a considerable distance. Beyond, however, the distant landscape lay stretched in purple dotted masses, the tree-tops and church spires gilded by the rich warm rays of the expiring sun.

But it was not on the sweeping masses of down, extending beyond the limits of the eye on the left, or the distant country sinking into purple obscurity, that his gaze rested; nor was it down in the sequestered vale more immediately beneath him, that he bent his eyes. On the right, and in the middle distance, there rose up a bold, ridge-like hill, crowded with thickly clustered houses, and on the highest point an old ivy-mantled church.

It was the village of Ingleby, and the horseman was Cecil Wykeham. His absence from it had been short; his return to it unexpected; yet it seemed to him that he had been long away, and his heart warmed the moment his eye rested on its straggling roofs. He took off his hat reverentially, as he gazed upon the church, and his lips moved, although no audible sound escaped them.

Then he returned his hat to his head and soliloquized.

"Soon back again, dear old Ingleby!" he exclaimed in loud tones. "I hardly anticipated to return to you at so short a date; yet here I am, on the spot where I took my last look upon you, believing that long years and strange vicissitudes would have separated me from you for years. Who can tell what Heaven designs? and who shall say what lurks in store for me by this unlooked-for visit? That which for years has been kept hidden from me, may now be revealed. I may prove to be a member of the family of which she is a branch; and if I should, it would give at once to me a claim at least to come forward and prefer my suit, without my motives being questioned. Pray Heaven it may be so! for if it should not I am likely to pass a life of sorrow and unhappiness, even as Miss Verner predicts. Continue to love her! Who or what can ever eradicate that sentiment from my heart? If I love not now, then shall I never love; if I cease to love her while I have life, then have I never loved, nor shall I. Heaven's dearest and choicest blessings on you, sweet Ada! I would rather pine away my life in some distant clime, confining to my own breast my hopeless and unrequited love, than raise in your gentle bosom one pang arising out of an attachment won surreptitiously, and not ratified by parental authority. No; rest satisfied, Miss Verner, that you have done your work. I will not unsettle her sweet and placid mind by word or glance—not though my own heart ache to bursting."

Slowly he continued his pace down the hill, so deeply sunk in thought that he noticed not that his horse stepped upon the soft turf, and turned out of the beaten, for a more direct but more dangerous track.

He was, however, roused from his reverie, in passing a group of tall furze bushes, by coming suddenly upon a couple of men, evidently as startled and surprised to see him as he to meet them.

One who had a gun in the hollow of his arm, drew it up to his shoulder and took a sudden aim at Cecil. He, however, raised his hand and cried,

"Hold, Trevannion. What would you do? Lower your weapon, or I'll ride you down at all hazards." On hearing his name mentioned, the man let fall his gun to his arm again, and gazed steadfastly at Cecil.

"Aha! Master Wykeham, is it you?" he exclaimed. "Why, I thought you'd left Ingleby for ever."

"Not for ever, as you perceive," returned Cecil. "I had quitted it; but matters of some importance have caused me to return to it again, for a short time."

Trevannion, habited as a seaman, in rough pilot



GENERAL FOREY, THE HERO OF MONTEBELLO.

36.34

cloth habiliments, turned up his dark face—handsome but for its sinister expression; and fixing a pair of exceedingly ferocious eyes upon Cecil, he said hastily,

"Are you going to stay long?"

"That will depend on circumstances," answered Cecil. "One object I have in visiting this place is to have some conversation with you."

"With me?" exclaimed Trevannion, knitting his shaggy brows together. "What can you want to have to say to me?"

"When you are alone I will tell you," he returned.

"Alone?" echoed Trevannion, gruffly. "Why alone? I have no secrets. You can say what you have got to say here."

"No," replied Cecil; "step aside with me for a moment, and I will give you a hint of what I wish to talk about."

Dark Trevannion looked furtively at his companion, then at Cecil; presently, after a little reflection, he said,

"Well, I suppose it's all right. I know something of you, Master Wykeham, and I never knew you to do anything but what was fair and above board. Heave ahead!"

Cecil turned his horse's head and led the way deeper into the thick patch of furze which grew in this part, until he had placed at least one hundred yards between him and Trevannion's companion, the man, as the Cornish seaman had bidden him, having thrown himself at length beneath the scrubby bush by which he was standing.

"Now, then," said Trevannion. "What have you got to say?"

"You know Helston, on the Cornish coast, well, do you not?"

Dark Trevannion's eyes gleamed like fire coals as he said,

"Why do you ask that of me?"

"Because I know that you do, and also that you know a gentleman of some position and influence living there, and that you have had some transactions of a secret character with him."

"Name him," muttered Dark Trevannion between his teeth.

"Mr. Neville Verner," responded Cecil, readily. "He lives at Penryn Hall."

"Have you come from him?" interrupted Trevannion.

"No," replied Cecil.

"What of him, then?" interrogated Trevannion, instantly.

"That you shall hear when we meet again," replied Cecil. "When did you last see him?"

Trevannion's eyebrows lowered until they hid his eyes from sight. There was a devilish expression on his features when he heard the question.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked, his fingers working nervously.

"Because, if you have not seen or heard from him recently, I can tell you some news concerning him."

"Oh!" replied Trevannion, his brow slightly clearing. "Tell me, then, for I have been expecting to hear from him for some time. I have not seen him these six months."

"He is dead!" exclaimed Cecil, with some emphasis.

"Dead!" echoed Trevannion, starting, and glaring wildly at Cecil.

"Dead! you don't mean that?"

"Indeed, it is a fact; and it is in consequence of his death that I wish to speak with you."

"Dead! dead!" muttered Trevannion. "Phew! that will change matters altogether. Dead! How long has he been dead?"

"Some three or four months," answered Cecil.

"And I not to know it!" ejaculated Trevannion, thoughtfully.

"Dead, and all my money run out, too!" Then, turning to Cecil, he said, "Look you, Mr. Wykeham, there's more matter important to you connected with that old man than you think for."

"I think something, nevertheless, respecting my connection with him," returned Cecil. "Say, where shall I meet you to talk over this affair, and when?"

"I suppose, Master Wykeham, if I give you some good information you will do the thing that's handsome?" observed Trevannion, eyeing Cecil steadfastly.

"You mean, I suppose, in the way of paying you for your information?" responded Cecil.

"That's it," answered Trevannion.

"So far as my means will admit, I will reward you," he replied.

"That will do for me," said Trevannion. "If, after I have made all things square for you, you pay me as your means will afford, you won't find me complain."

"You have my word," returned Cecil.

"Well, sir, meet me to-night at St. Mark's Church, at midnight," said Trevannion, catching him by the wrist, and speaking in a whisper.

"At what part—by the east window or the porch?" interrogated Cecil.

"No: within the church, close to the chancel. I will contrive that the door is left ajar, so that you can enter without difficulty," returned Trevannion, adding, "It is not a lively spot, Mr. Wykeham, nor a very agreeable time of night; but I've a reason for naming time and place. You won't be afraid to come, will you?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Cecil. "I have reason to believe that if those who loved us while living have power after death to avert danger from us, I could be in no safer place than the aisle of St. Mark's Church. I will be there at the time appointed."

"Enough," said Trevannion, "there I will meet you. Good evening, sir."

As he spoke, he suddenly darted among the furze bushes, and disappeared.

Cecil gazed after him with surprise, but he could not see him anywhere, and he directed his horse to the beaten track again, observing that Trevannion's companion, who had stretched himself beneath a horse bush, had also departed.

Passing by a by-route known to him well, on reaching the valley he proceeded to the cottage of Farmer Holyoak; and on the way he met one of Mat's brothers, who stared at him as if he was a ghost, then uttered a laugh of joyous recognition, and instantly ran up to the farm-house, uttering vociferations which soon brought all the inmates out. Now, as Cecil was desirous that his visit to Holyoak's should be as secret as possible, he was obliged to spur the horse which he had hired at the last railway station nearest to Ingleby, to overtake him. He did not succeed, however, until Farmer and Dame Holyoak and two other of Mat's big brothers, were at the door to welcome him.

He was almost lifted off his horse, which was at once hurried to the stable, and was very nearly carried into the house; and it was not until he was in the centre of their spacious "parlor and kitchen and all," having his arms wrung off, that, without answering one of their greetings, he could make them understand that his visit there was to be kept a secret.

"Well, and how's Mat? How's he getting on? will he do, think you?" were a few among the numerous queries put by father, mother and sons to Cecil. Having answered them, he looked round, and missing the pretty sister, he said,

"But where's Nell? Is she not at home?"

"Oh, yes, she was at home; but she was above stairs with a friend."

Cecil guessed who that friend was, and he intimated his wish to see both; a wish that was at once complied with, by the summoning of Nell and her new companion to the room in which they were assembled.

Nell, a very pretty likeness of her brother Mat, entered, leading in Nettie Hardness; and Cecil, who had never seen the latter before, was struck by her appearance. There was an expression in the face—indeed, the contour of face and form seemed familiar to him, yet he knew not where he could have met with it. His mind was, however, too much occupied by his own affairs to suffer him to dwell upon this partial recognition; and after a rosy-faced welcome from Nell, and an eager inquiring look from Nettie when she knew that he was Mat's companion and the friend of whom she had already heard so much, he explained the object of his visit, and requested Nettie to hold herself in readiness to depart at any moment he might call upon her to accompany him.

Poor Nettie! she clung to Bell's arm, and intimated that she was very happy where she was for the present, and the only change she desired to make would be to return to Bristol; that young Mr. Holyoak had requested her not to remove from his father's house, unless she received from him a communication enjoining her to do so; and therefore, clinging closer to Bell, she told him that, with many thanks for the trouble he had taken, she preferred to remain at Ingleby.

This was an unexpected difficulty; but after a few words from Cecil to Bell, accompanied by a proposition which startled the whole family, but which, after a few minutes' consideration, was assented to, Nettie waived her objections, and consented to fulfil his instructions.

The proposition which had such an effect upon all was, that Bell should accompany her to London; for at the moment it occurred to Cecil that Nettie would hardly find companions at Verner place in Eleanor and Ada.

Having thus arranged, he partook of some refreshment, and quitted Holyoak's farm for Ingleby Manor House, his late abode. In a lumber-room there of which he only had the key, there stood a large massive iron-bound chest, containing a large number of papers belonging to his late uncle, over which he had as yet only cursorily glanced, when searching for the statement of which his uncle had spoken. But now it occurred to him, since his acquaintance with Mr. Leigh, Sir Gerard and Lacy Verner, that a search over the contents of that chest might reveal to him something to afford a yet further clue to the facts he was naturally so anxious to discover.

On reaching the Manor House, it was not without emotion he entered a building as a stranger, which from almost infancy had been his home. Nevertheless, he was received with courtesy, and his request to proceed alone to the room in which many things not required by the present tenant had been placed for safety, was immediately acceded to.

Here, supplied with a lamp, he sat alone, poring over the contents of the huge trunk, and making memorandums of certain deeds and instruments which, at present, were incomprehensible, as they all related to some vast estates in Derbyshire, in possession of one Frank Herbert Colville, a name he had never heard of before.

A long and careful search brought him no discovery of importance, save one packet, which was thus indorsed—"To be opened only after the history I have compiled, and which, under my instructions, may be read only at a certain period, therein named, has been examined and perused. Of value only as these directions are obeyed or disregarded.—M. W." Beneath, in a trembling hand, had been appended—"To Cecil Wykeham, so-named."

With curious and eager eyes Cecil inspected this packet, and after several perusals, he pressed his lips to the initials and murmured,

"Your wishes shall be respected, though my hopes perish by my obedience."

He now looked at his watch. The night had waned rapidly, it was past ten; and he quietly proceeded to quit the Manor House, and then he stole through the unlighted straggling avenues, rather than streets, of which Ingleby could boast.

The night was clear and fine; but he kept in the shadow of the houses, and wandered, with almost noiseless steps, to certain spots which, in his boyhood, were favorites with him; and thus he whiled away the time until it was near the hour of midnight.

Slowly and secretly he made his way to St. Mark's Church. The square ivy-mantled tower stood up in bold black relief against the bright moonlight sky, and the moss-covered tombstones threw deep shadows on the grassy hillocks which were shaped as symbols to remind the living of those who had departed on the long journey to "the undiscovered country."

He passed within the church, and with soft, light step made his way up the aisle to the chancel. As he reached it, a distant bell told him the hour of midnight was sounding, and at the same moment the vaulted roof of the church rang with a loud crash, as though a sudden and fierce gust of wind had violently shut the church door. He turned hastily, and gazed down the aisle, expecting to see Dark Trevannion striding, with clanking step and irreligious manner, up the church, but he was disappointed; all remained as silent as before.

He turned his head again towards the chancel, and started; for there, leaning upon the railing, he saw the man he had come to meet.

He approached him, and said in a low tone,

"Trevannion!"

"Ay, ay, sir, here I am," was the reply.

"I did not see you enter," observed Cecil.

"No, but I did you," returned Trevannion. "You left the church-door open; and if it had not closed of itself, you might have spoiled all. However, we have no time to lose, as it is; so let's proceed to business. Now, sir, what is it you want to see me about? Speak out: be plain with me—I'll be frank with you. I am poor; you are certain to be rich. I ain't particular what I do if I am well paid; you will be able to pay well, and if you are liberal in spirit, you will do so. What have you sought me for?"

"As I have already intimated, in consequence of the death of Neville Verner, of Helston," replied Cecil.

"Well," said Trevannion, "go on."

"Neville Verner employed you to execute certain commissions bearing reference to my uncle, Martin Wykeham," continued Cecil.

"Well!" ejaculated Trevannion, in a harsh voice.

"What were they?" asked Cecil.

"You want to know all, eh?" asked Trevannion, eyeing him furtively.

"All," iterated Cecil.

"Then you won't; it ain't possible," returned Trevannion.

"Why not?" interrogated Cecil.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Trevannion; "for very good reasons. Do you know one Nabal Black, of Willesden, near London?"

"Only by name," returned Cecil. "I had a letter to him, written by my uncle, but it was stolen from me; I therefore have not been to visit him."

"You had better keep away," said Trevannion. "He's a precious old scoundrel; and should he ever meet you to know who you are he won't stick at much to shorten your days."

"Who am I?" inquired Cecil, abruptly. "Do you know?"

"Mr. Cecil Wykeham, I suppose," answered Trevannion, with a low, taunting laugh; then, after a moment's consideration, he said,

"There is, however, a packet which will let in some daylight if you are in 'the dark about your birth and parentage.'"

"I know it," cried Cecil, eagerly. "Do you know aught of that paper?"

"What if I do?" replied Trevannion.

"I have searched for it everywhere in vain," he returned, quickly.

"My uncle told me that it was written, and that he had left it for my perusal when he was dead. He is dead—he lies there, Trevannion, close to the spot where you stand."

Trevannion uttered a shout and leaped five feet back.

"What is the matter?" cried Cecil, amazed at his sudden movement.

"No—nothing," replied Trevannion, wiping clusters of cold sweat from his brow, "only a sudden shooting pain through my brain. Go on, sir."

"I was saying," continued Cecil, "that he is dead; but I have been unable to find that paper, though Heaven rest his soul! I know that it was his wish that I should have it. I know, too, Trevannion, that if the Almighty permits the spirits of the dead to revisit the earth, his spirit will not suffer that document to remain quietly in the possession of any one who may have surreptitiously obtained possession of it."

Trevannion visibly shuddered.

"What if I could point out to you where to obtain it?" he said.

"I know that you can do so," responded Cecil. "I know that Neville Verner employed you to steal it, and that you have succeeded."

I now ask you to reveal to me what you have done with it, and I promise you to forgive the theft, and pay you well if you will assist me in recovering it."

Trevannion mused for a moment, and then said,

"Neville Verner, of Helston, can't want it if he is dead, can he?"

"No. If he were living it would be villainy on his part to obtain and to keep or to destroy it. It would be infinitely worse on yours, now that he is dead, to retain it," answered Cecil, emphatically.

"It would be so far worse that I should be a great fool to do it if you would pay to have it back," observed Trevannion, and added,

"the fact is, that I have got it, and you shall have it with some other things likely to be important to you, and you shall pay me handsomely, that's all."

"You may rest assured of that," responded Cecil.

"I tell you what, sir; we'll make a bargain," exclaimed Trevannion, as if struck by a sudden thought. "As Mr. Neville Verner is dead, I'll shift my services to you. Somebody must keep me; and if you get your own again through me, who would have so much right to do it as you?"

"Place that missing packet in my hand, and I will close with your offer at once," returned Cecil.

"You will?" said Trevannion, quickly.

"I will," ejaculated Cecil, decisively.

Trevannion drew from his coat-pocket a packet, and placed it in Cecil's hand.

"There it is!" he exclaimed.

Cecil gripped it with eager hands.

It was not light enough by the moon's rays falling through the window to decipher the endorsement; yet he could see that there was writing, and he felt an inward conviction that he had possession of the prize he so much coveted. He placed it securely beneath his vest; and when he had buttoned his coat over it, Trevannion, who had watched his movements, said to him,

"And now, Mr. Wykeham—"

Cecil started him.

"Hush!" he said, "who are those men?"

Trevannion turned round to where Cecil was pointing, and perceived the forms of two men stealing slowly up the aisle, in the shadow of the pillars of the church. He uttered a cry, darted from the side of Cecil, sprang on the top edge of a pew beneath a window, pushed it open and leaped out. With a shout of rage the two men turned back, dashed open the church door and disappeared, leaving Cecil standing alone on the verge of his uncle's grave.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

By Ada's emotion on discovering the state of her heart induced insensibility, that which Eleanor experienced on reaching her own room, after quitting her cousin, was yet more painfully exciting. In the one case, there was cessation of thought with suspension of animation; in the other there was not only no suspension of the animation of the faculties, but thought ran riot.

Eleanor's perceptions were quick and keen. She saw, from Ada's change of countenance and manner, that Cecil Wykeham had already made a great impression upon her; and as her friend, she had acted wisely in acting promptly.

But about herself?

Ay! that was a startling question. Even in that moment of self-laudation, while flattering herself that at the expense of personal pain she had acted with true disinterested friendship, there stole into her mind an intrusive suggestion, that her conduct and her motives were not without an incentive, which was less disinterested than she wished to believe it. Yet she inquired of herself, wherefore she should be interested in the matter, further than to secure the future happiness of Ada?

What was Cecil to her? Nothing, certainly; only she did not, while she thus acted in opposition to what might be his hopes and his future interests, consider herself his enemy. She did not wish to think herself such, she assuredly did not wish him so to regard her. Yet in what relation did she wish they should stand to each other?

She was annoyed and irritated that such a reflection should obtrude itself; and yet more, that she could not dismiss it. She found herself going over every incident that had occurred in connection with him, from his arrival up to that very moment, and she found the result was in some degree embarrassing.

"I would rather," observed one who knew the sex well, "provoke the hatred of a woman whose notice was worth having, than be the object of her indifference." Now Eleanor did not hate Cecil, but he was not an object of indifference to her.

She put the question to herself, why she should care whether he came again or not; if he might be nothing to Ada, he could surely be nothing to her. A hot flush rushed up to her forehead as she tried to fling back the thought with a derisive laugh, but it came again and made her cheek burn, and caused her to feel angry with herself.

Now the most mysterious part of the matter was, that during the time that Cecil was almost entirely engrossing her thoughts, certain words kept up an unbidden, and really an undesired peal in her ears. They were, "I would give all my wealth, and all I might win beside, were Fortune to shower her bravest favors upon me, could I have your thoughts to rest on me." They had been uttered by Lacy Verner, and ever as she heard them, the tone of his voice was recognized, and the expression of his eyes remembered.

Why this should be Eleanor did not appear to comprehend, and she fancied that she did not trouble herself to care. Yet, if much of what she thought of Cecil was uninvited, and therefore the occasion of a species of unconscious alarm, why should not she have been similarly affected by the ringing of Lacy's words upon her brain?

One thing her woman's nature had told her, although she scarcely cared to acknowledge it. It was that the preference Cecil had displayed for Ada might in some degree have influenced her conduct towards him, and Ada too. She fretted, rather than was angry, that if any love had been raised in his bosom at all, she had not created it. She had some strange indefinable wish that his attachment should be bestowed on her.

With burning cheeks, with hot hands and aching temples she paced her room. To the small still voice, which strove to make itself heard, she refused to listen. She was unquestionably vexed that this young man should occupy her mind; but that vexation did not deter her from executing the resolve she had formed.

How far her excited and turbulent agitation might have conducted her, or to what different determination she might have arrived, it is unnecessary further to examine; for she was interrupted in her reflections by the hasty entry of Ada's maid, who came in breathless haste to inform her that she had discovered her young mistress in a state of insensibility upon the floor of her apartment. That, by the aid of another servant, she had lifted her thence, placed her upon her bed, and had sent for medical assistance. Eleanor hurried in affright to Ada's room, and found her as the maid had described, lying bereft of life or motion. All such remedies as are readily at hand and known were applied, but without effect, and by the time the doctor made his appearance Eleanor was almost frantic.

She had no difficulty in surmising the cause of the swoon; but she feared to summon or to see her father respecting Ada's condition, because of the interrogatories which he would naturally put to her, and which she would not know how to answer.

On the arrival, however, of the medical attendant she thought no more of her father, and watched with breathless attention and eagerness the application of restoratives crowned at length with success, but such a success as was not reassuring.

Ada was aroused only to a state of feverish delirium, and the doctor prognosticated that the attack would be alarming, and, in all probability, lead to a prolonged illness. Having ordered a nurse to be provided, and issued peremptory instructions respecting the

course to be pursued, he quitted, promising shortly to return, for he was quite assured that his presence would be needful for some little time at least.

Eleanor, seated by her cousin's side, watched her every movement with nervous apprehension, and a species of indescribable pained wonder. She saw the brilliant flashing of an eye, always soft in its expression, a cheek crimsoned with a hectic flush which rarely boasted a hue deeper than that of the Provence rose, and listened to incoherent ramblings from lips from whence had fallen language gentle in its tenor, and sweet in its tones. Could this be the consequence of her interview with her concerning Cecil? She grew pale and cold at the thought. She held Ada's burning hand within her own. She spoke to her in soothing, endearing terms; but bitter scalding tears forced themselves down her cheeks when she found that Ada knew her not, and replied only by a string of rambling words of which no sense could be made, save that ever and anon in a low sad voice, she would murmur 'Cecil,' and moan, and sigh, and wring her hands, and weep.

Three days passed away, Eleanor scarce knew how, almost herself delirious. She saw Ada reach a crisis at which all hope was lost, and while upon her knees overwhelmed with crushing grief, she was praying to Heaven to admit the unstained soul fluttering at its gates, a voice whispered in her ear, "The danger is over. She has subsided into a slumber. She is saved!"

Then all recollection faded, and it was not until the following day she became conscious that she was herself within her chamber, confined to her bed, weak and ill from the result of her long watching and close attendance upon her cousin.

What had happened in the household in the interregnum between her entrance into her cousin's chamber when summoned there, and the present moment, she knew not. In her weak state it cost her no little exertion to put the question, but as she was no sooner aware of her condition than it became the thought uppermost in her mind, she inquired of her maid in such terms as would prevent the real object of her questions being comprehended, while she would herself be made acquainted with all she desired to learn.

She was told first to her great satisfaction, that the doctor's announcement which had deprived her for the time of animation had been borne out. Ada was out of danger, and though yet excessively feeble was progressing favorably; and secondly, that Mr. Leigh had arrived at Verner Place, and had exhibited great distress at the condition of his daughter. There the maid paused.

Eleanor wiped the clammy perspiration from her brow, and asked,

"Did Mr. Wykeham accompany Mr. Leigh upon his return to London?"

"No, miss," replied the girl.

"But he is in the house?" she continued, a little eagerly.

"No, miss," returned the maid. "Only the country gentleman, Sir Gerard Verner's friend, Mr. Holyoak, miss, but he has left again."

"You are sure no one else has arrived here?"

"Quite sure, miss," responded the maid; "in fact, miss, both Sir Gerard and Mr. Leigh during the time they were in such distress, for fear Miss Leigh would die, ordered themselves to be denied to everybody—except Mr. Wykeham and Mr. Holyoak."

There was a silence for a minute or so, and Eleanor revolved in her own mind what had passed between Mr. Leigh and his daughter respecting her illness, presuming she had strength enough to converse with him.

Presently the girl observed,

"The house has been very sad the last few days, miss."

"Yes," responded Eleanor, abstractedly.

"Poor Mr. Lacy Verner, miss, has been in sad tribulation for fear you should die," continued the girl.

Eleanor turned her large dark brilliant eyes upon her, with a sudden look of inquiry, but made no reply.

The girl, unconscious of what effect her words might produce, went on to say,

"I'm sure if you had been his own sister, miss, he could not have been more uneasy or anxious about you."

"About me!" repeated Eleanor, her brows slightly contracting.

"Oh, yes, miss," continued the girl garrulously. "He was certainly grieved when Miss Leigh was seized with the dreadful fever which we all thought, doctor and all, would kill her, but he was distracted to think you should keep constantly in the room with the poor dear young lady, for fear you should catch the fever. He watched in the corridor in the day, and beneath the window in the garden in the night, to learn if you were still free from it; and when you fainted, miss, when the doctor told you that Miss Leigh's danger was past, and were carried here to your room, I really thought he would have gone mad."

"Newton!" exclaimed Eleanor sharply, addressing the girl by her surname.

"I assure you, miss, I am only speaking the truth. Poor gentleman! he looks as pale as a ghost, and I am positive if he goes on being so wretched and sad, and doing with so little sleep, he'll be the next one to be ill. I am sure my heart bleeds to see him, and I said—"

"Silence, I bid you, Newton," exclaimed Eleanor, in a tone which the girl knew was not to be disobeyed. "Let me hear no more of this idle talk, I command you. You understand me. Assist me to dress."

"Oh, dear, miss, you are not strong enough to quit your bed," cried the girl quickly, her cheek flushed by the reproof she had just received. "The doctor said that—"

"Do as I bid you, and do not talk to me until I desire you to answer my questions," interrupted Eleanor, haughtily and authoritatively.

The girl obeyed her, and in a short time Eleanor was ready to leave her room. But she found that her long and anxious watching, and the great strain which during those three terrible days her mind had had to bear, had greatly reduced her strength, even to cause her to employ her maid Newton's arm to enable her to quit her chamber. Her nature was, however, one which could not brook profitless speculation. She was aware that the fertility of her imagination, would, in the solitude of her own room, cause her to conjure up a thousand questions which Mr. Leigh or even her own father might put to her, concerning the occasion of Ada's illness. And she knew that she should furnish an answer to every one, thus occupying her brain and her time to no purpose, besides rendering herself dejected and disturbed. So as soon as she was properly acquainted with the true situation of things, which she had, as we have seen, gathered from her maid; she resolved to see Ada, elicit if possible, whether she had yet held any converse with her father, or if she had not, whether she had yet sufficient strength to offer to her some explanation of the sudden and very violent illness with which she had been seized.

Barely was she without the door of her room when she encountered Lacy Verner. He eagerly advanced, and in warm language congratulated her upon quitting her chamber.

A glance at his face told her that her maid had spoken if anything short of the truth; he looked ill and haggard, while his eyes eagerly ran over her face and form, and he said in earnest tones,

"Dear Miss Verner, that your more than sisterly affection for Miss Leigh has seriously affected your strength I can perceive, but I am delighted to find that the fears your recent prostration occasioned me have proved unfounded, and that I have the happiness once more to see you—if delicate and feeble, yet not so ill as to compel you to keep your chamber."

"I thank you, Mr. Verner," she replied, in a low tone, yet kinder in its accent to him than it had ever yet been. "I am but a poor nurse, yet I might, under the circumstances, have suffered more severely. I am rather feeble I confess, but I ought not, I am sure, to complain."

"May I not claim the honor of supplying to you the means of support in your visit to Sir Gerard—I presume you are on your way

to the library!" he exclaimed, with a very sudden anxiety that she should comply with his request.

"I am going to see my cousin Ada," she returned; "perhaps you are not aware that, since she successfully passed the crisis of her fever, I have not seen her."

"Indeed, Miss Verner, I am," he replied, with earnest emphasis, and added rather quickly, "I have, however, just parted with Mr. Leigh, and he informed me that his daughter was slightly improving, but she was in a deep slumber, from which great hopes were entertained, and that it was very necessary she should not be disturbed."

"It will be needful, therefore, that I should defer my visit to her," observed Eleanor, thoughtfully.

"Of that of course you are the best judge, dear Miss Verner," he returned; "yet, if you think you have strength first to reach the library—"

"Yes," said Eleanor, abruptly, "I will see my father."

"You will permit me the happiness of conducting you thither!" he exclaimed, in a tone of such entreaty that Eleanor all but smiled. She withdrew her arm from that of her servant, and said to her,

"Return to my room, Newton; I will ring when I require you."

The girl hastily retired, and Eleanor placed her hand trembling and cold on Lacy Verner's equally trembling arm. What would he have given to have pressed those small taper fingers to his side, even under the semblance of an involuntary act; but he suffered her hand patiently to rest where she placed it, and moved on as though it was a queen, and not his cousin who thus honored him.

It was plain to see that slowly as he moved, gently as he talked, he was much excited and deeply gratified at his position; Eleanor saw and understood it, she felt grateful to him, yet she pitied him. She seemed to feel that she was commencing a pursuit wherein he would never conquer—so she pitied him.

"You do not look well, Mr. Verner," she said, as they moved slowly on.

"Yet I am well, and happy now," he answered. There was a slight hesitation between his words.

"Your looks, then, do not do you justice," she answered. "You are pale and appear fatigued, as though you too had been performing vigils."

She made these observations in a low tone, affecting to make them seem to bear no meaning; but she kept her eye upon his face, and she felt gratified to see the eloquent blood mount to his cheek, as replying to her, he bent upon her a gaze of intense affection.

"I could scarcely, Miss Verner, receive with indifference the intelligence of Miss Leigh's most dangerous illness, and of your close and sleepless attention to her. My faults do not, I believe, include indifference to those near—permit me to add, dear to me. While I sympathized with the very grave condition of Miss Leigh, I could not but feel very acutely the hazard you so bravely and nobly incurred."

"Nay, do not flatter me, Lacy," she interposed, in a soft voice, and with a kind expression beaming in her eyes. "I hardly know whether I even did my duty to dear Ada, and I am sure I do not deserve such anxious consideration at your hands. Hush! not a word more; we have reached the library."

"Oh, Eleanor!" was all he could utter, when she pressed her hand to the door, and it yielded to her touch.

They entered together, and then beheld, seated in a sadly pensive attitude, Mr. Spencer Leigh. Sir Gerard was not in the room.

The noise of their entry aroused him, he rose up and approached Eleanor.

"My dear, dear Nell," he exclaimed, holding out his arms and receiving her into his embrace.

He could not utter another word for the emotion which possessed him, and Eleanor wept upon his shoulder.

Lacy Verner turned his head aside, scarcely less affected, and took the opportunity to glide from the room. He was intuitively conscious that they had a mutual desire to converse alone, and he possessed too much good feeling and good breeding to remain to prevent them.

He was hardly out of the library before Mr. Leigh, conducting Eleanor to a seat, seized both her hands and exclaimed, with quivering earnestness, "Tell me, O reveal to me, dear Nell, what does this sad event mean—what does it portend? Conceal nothing from me, I implore—I entreat you."

Eleanor remained silent. She could not have articulated a word to have saved her life. Her silence was only the more terrible to Mr. Leigh.

"I have some dreadful revelation to hear!" he cried, clasping his hands together. "What! have I not suffered enough? have I not borne the cross without repining so long, but some yet more afflicting burden should be laid upon my shoulders to crush me?"

"Have patience, sir!" murmured Eleanor, with parched lips.

"I have had it—I will try still to display it," he answered, in hoarse accents; "but suspense I cannot endure. Proceed, Nell; let me know the worst, at once. What!—what has occasioned this frightful illness of Ada's?"

Eleanor's heart throbbed violently. What could she answer to this question? She could not compromise Ada with any distinct assertion respecting Cecil. She wished not to compromise him, even by a surmise. Yet, quite certain of the true cause of Ada's violent illness, she felt that to deny that she was acquainted with it, was to evade the truth; that it must be ultimately discovered, and that she should then stand in a false position to all parties, as well as to herself.

How to commence, she knew not. If she could only delay the conversation until after she had spoken with Ada, she felt quite convinced Ada herself would spare her the task of explanation; but Mr. Leigh himself displayed too much excitement for her even to plead an excuse for preserving, for the present, silence.

With a blanched face, and a voice scarcely audible, she said to Mr. Leigh,

"You have, I know, sir, been much with Ada since your return, have you spoken to her upon the subject?"

"She has been too weak to converse," he answered. "It is only by her tears, when she imagined that she was alone, her soft sighs, her mutterings in her sleep, that I could gather that something was preying deeply upon her mind."

"Did she, sir, in those secret ebullitions of grief give you any conception of the true cause of her sorrow, and hence of her attack of illness?" inquired Eleanor, in a faint voice.

Mr. Leigh opened his parched lips, and essayed to speak; but he was obliged forcibly to clear his throat before he could accomplish it. At length he said,

"Alas! she did."

Eleanor's eyes gleamed as they settled upon him; and she said in urgent and impressive tones,

"I pray you, dear sir, to tell me what you have surmised."

The old man drew his hand across his clammy brow.

"That she loves!" he ejaculated; and added, in intense anguish, "loves in secret, and—Oh, my God! perhaps in dishonor!"

Eleanor uttered a cry, as though a spasm of pain had passed with sharp agony through her breast.

She fell upon her knees before him, and clasped her hands prayerfully.

"On my soul, no!" she cried, with strong emotion. "Oh! my life, sir, upon her purity! She is sinless as an angel, and as good, I swear—I swear!"

He bent over her, and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"I believe you, Nell. Bless you, my dear child, for those words—bless you! I do believe in her truth, her purity, and her goodness; and in that strong belief it is, that I am painfully anxious to know to whom she has resigned her young and loving heart."

"Mr. Cecil Wykeham, sir!" ejaculated the butler, suddenly entering the room, and announcing that gentleman, who started at the sight presented to him.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE DESIGN FRUSTRATED.

It was well for Mr. Holyoak, that animated by a spirit of faithfulness to his passed word, he made his way by a round-about route to the vicinity of the residence of Lucy Alabaster, and paused there.

The blows which hurled Hardress into the fireplace in the chamber at the Lizard, and Noah Loach upon the floor, were not so violent as to forbid a speedy recovery of consciousness, and the household was immediately roused to stay Mat's departure. But after a few minutes' thought, and Mr. Loach forbade all further movement or excitement. Although slightly bewildered by the blow he had received, for his head was spinning like a top, and singing like a tea-kettle, he yet had shrewdness enough to know that it would not suit him to stir up muddy water, and therefore he employed himself in assuaging the passionate rage of Gilbert Hardress.

"All this frantic expenditure of violence is," he said, with his most dreadful smile, "merely a reckless waste of powder. It puts me in mind of the German headman, whose locality having become unusually free from crime, caught his death of cold in an enraged hour by exhausting himself in decapitating a field of cabbages."

Hardress turned fiercely upon him.

"What would your superior sagacity and astuteness counsel?" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Here is a fellow smoking hot from the plough, a mere bumpkin, whose most brilliant quality is grinning at a field of oats, or gaping over an acre of mangel-wurzel; whose chief skill is centred in leaping a five-barred gate after a poor starving turnip-stealing vagrant, and yet forsooth, he overreaches me, me, Loach; who have passed my life in planning, scheming, devising and executing. He tramples down my deepest plot, he scatters to the winds in a moment a scheme I have been years in bringing to consummation, and completely upsets the entire arrangement of a well considered, profoundly calculated, and patiently prepared series of plans to effect one grand object!"

A frightful oath escaped his lips.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Had I not tracked and traced the only leads necessary to complete my advent to a princely fortune? Was not the very trunk that held them in the hands of my agent? When he—a raw hunk of bacon, appears, boats my fellow to a jelly, and destroys my project. Again, was not Netty within my grasp, actually in my power? Safe—safe as bars, locks, and a cunningly devised place of concealment could keep her. Another twenty-four hours, and she would have been mine, irretrievably mine, when this oil-cake fed clodpole thrusts his infernal nose in, and whisks her off. S'death, I could cut my throat to be so foiled and baffled by a calf-brained farmer!"

"Again, I repeat, a combination of accidental circumstances has done all this for him," answered Loach, his jawbones becoming unpleasantly visible as he listened with clenched teeth to the sarcastic observations by Hardress. "However, I suppose it is not your intention to exhaust the time in a lecture on metaphysics. Seek your causes where you may, results for me. The fellow has escaped. What are your future intentions respecting him?"

"Revenge!" answered Hardress, with contracted brow. "Twice I have had to endure a blow at his vile rustic hands; he shall not be permitted a chance for a third."

"What do you now propose to do?" inquired Loach, eyeing him attentively.

"Nothing whatever, until I have fulfilled my present purpose," returned Hardress. "I will follow him, track him, hunt him down, and then blow his brains out. I can snuff a candle from ten paces to fifty: I will not miss his skull, be sure of it."

"Where will you do this?" asked Loach, drawing out a toothpick and using it coolly, although his temples were throbbing, and an incessant sound of the ringing of myriads of tiny bells was going on in the immediate vicinity of his tympanum.

"Wherever I may meet with him," growled Hardress, savagely.

"You will do me the honor to excuse me from attending you," responded Loach.

Hardress turned his bloodshot eyes upon him, and, in a low grim tone, exclaimed, "Why?"

Loach shrugged his shoulders.

"I perform all my actions in a mode calculated to render my days long in the land," he returned. "I confess that I have not always proved an example of polished integrity and untarnished freedom from crime, but then I have not been so anxious to have the eyes of England upon me, that the presiding judge at a criminal court should require my presence during the time twelve of my fellow-citizens were considering how an ungrateful country could best dispose of me for its interests, more than my own."

"Cease this foolery," exclaimed Hardress, savagely. "I will not spare the meddlesome idiot, whatever your decision may prove."

"I would not wish you, my very dear sir, to spare him," replied Noah Loach, blandly, though his teeth grated harshly together; "I don't frequently forgive being outwitted, I never forgive blows."

"And such blows," interposed Hardress; "you have a lump on your forehead the size of a duck's egg, and it will soon be as green."

Loach smiled grimly.

"I am aware of its presence," he observed, forcing his words through his front teeth. He paused for a moment, to keep down a sudden ebullition of frantic rage, which would, but for the extraordinary control he possessed over his emotions, have exhibited the fury of a whirlwind, and then he said, "I have told you I do not forgive blows, and I consider myself deeply in Mr. Holyoak's debt. I am anxious to repay it—"

"Wipe it out and with his blood!" exclaimed Hardress, rising up;

"I understand you, as you do not, I suppose, comprehend me. Both he and young Cecil Wykeham are staying at Verner Place, that I have ascertained; on one account the coincidence is remarkable, but let that go. Now it would for many reasons not suit me to be seen in the vicinity of Sir Gerard Verner's abode. Yet there will I go at once, and waylay our friend. I know how to lay up for game, Loach, and as this Holyoak must come to and from the house, an hour must arrive when an unseen hand shall send a bullet speeding through his skull. The work is speedily done, Loach, it only needs a true eye, a steady hand, and a resolved heart."

"Together with the right moment," returned Loach. "A pickaxe and a spade, together with a grave, already prepared, might, if nimbly taken advantage of, remove inconvenient traces or suspicions from our neighborhood. What say you, shall we away at once?"

Hardress mused for a minute, and then replied,

"Ay, if you have the means at hand, for it may be that I shall be able to kill two birds with one stone."

Loach gazed at him furtively.

"I have the means to proceed thither at once," he answered. "but though not scrupulously particular, I admit that I am not disposed to enter on wholesale slaughter."

Hardress laughed.

"You do not understand," he answered. "Mark me, the moment this popinjay is out of the way, I shall try and obtain the material guarantee of whom I have already spoken, this evening."

"Ha! I see," replied Loach. "Now before we depart, let us understand each other. Our previous arrangement stands as it did?"

Hardress replied in the affirmative.

"Good!" ejaculated Loach, "all I may do to assist your cause, is to be recompensed as before agreed upon."

"Exactly so," returned Hardress.

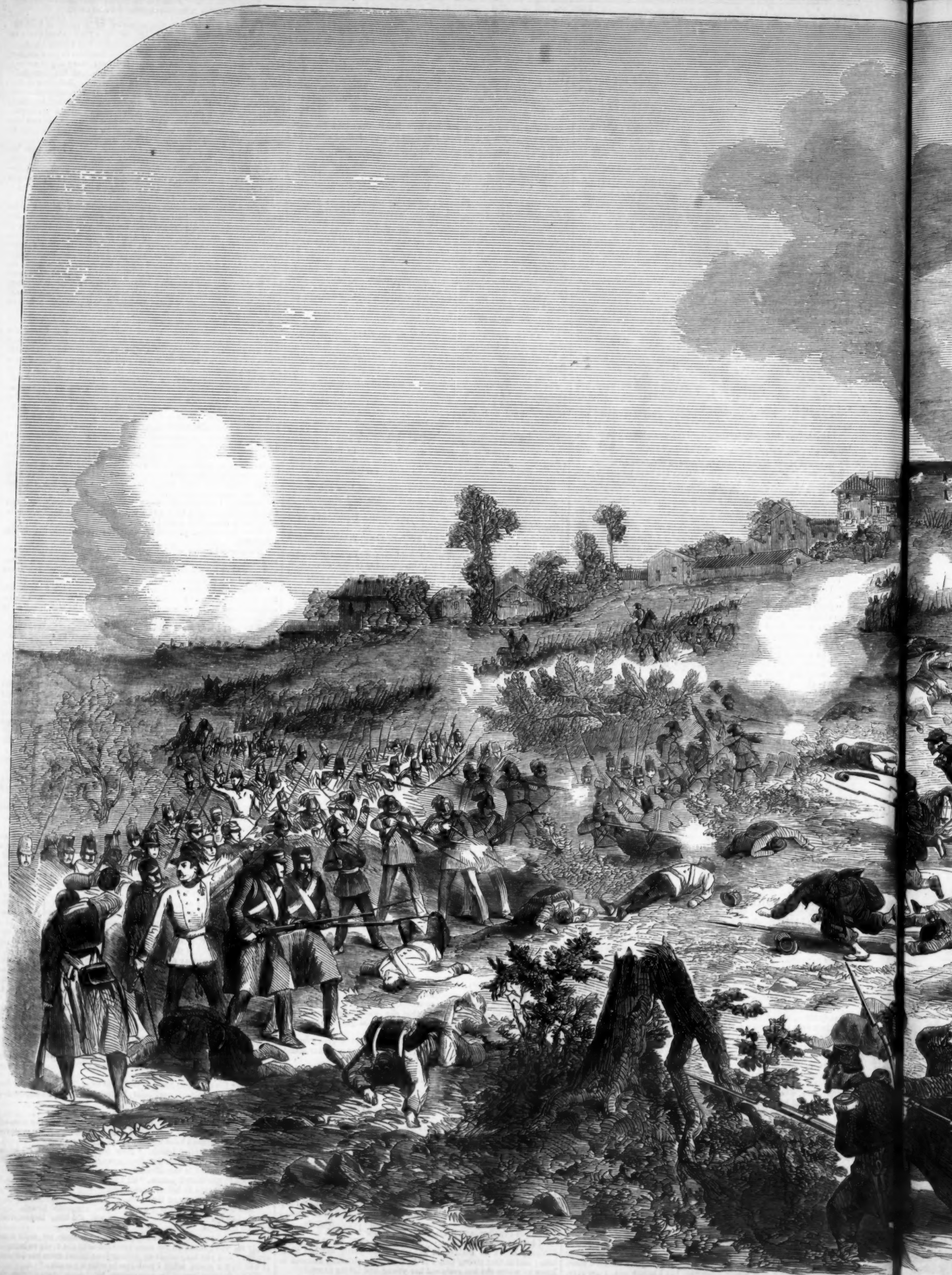
"And the first who plays the other false," suggested Loach.

"He had need say prayers if prayers will aid him," impressively uttered Hardress.

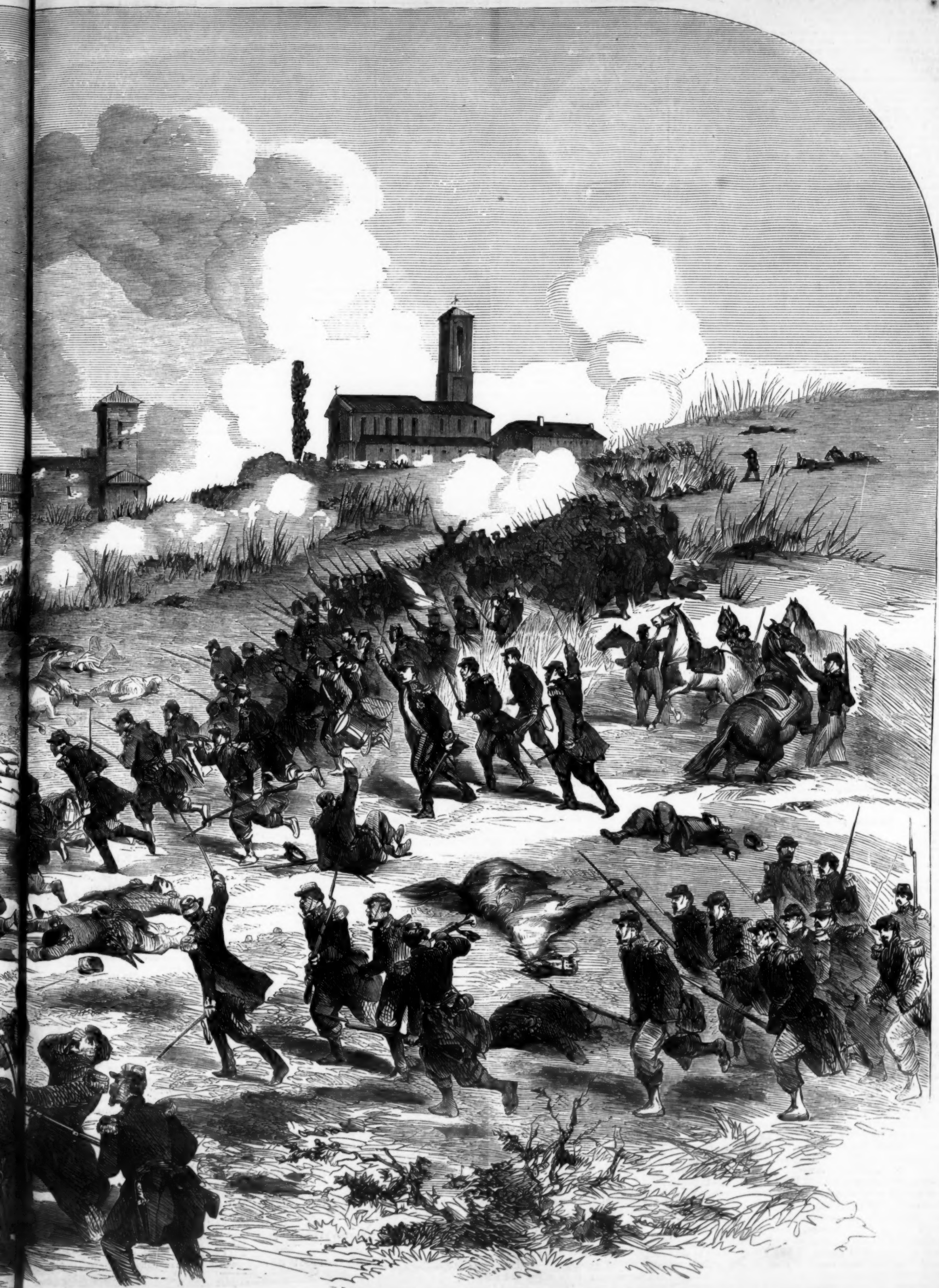
"Enough," said Loach, in reply. "Remain here, sir, until I am ready for you; leave all the arrangements until the decisive moment arrives; and you may count on putting your friend from the country to bed with a spade, while I tack him in with a pickaxe."

With a fiendish leer at his companion, Mr. Loach glided from the room, leaving Hardress to ruminate in front of the fire.

(To be continued.)



THE WAR IN ITALY—THE BATTLE OF



BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

The village of Montebello, where the first battle in the present war was fought, has long been known and recognized as a strong military position; and, indeed, its name is derived from the Roman appellation of *Mons Belli*, which was given to it because its situation, with regard to Central Italy, would cause it at all times to be a contested point.

On the 20th May the villages of Montebello and Casteggio were occupied by Sardinian troops, and the French were encamped some distance behind them, and, relying on the Sardinian outposts, were lying about amusing themselves, when, at about eleven o'clock, the sound of distant firing was heard, and shortly afterwards a Sardinian officer galloped into the French lines and gave the alarm.

The French troops at once fell in, but before they could be marched to the scene of action, the Sardinians had been obliged, by a superior force, to evacuate the villages of Casteggio and Montebello, which were immediately occupied by the Austrians.

At half-past twelve the advance of the Austrian columns was checked by two battalions of the Eighty-fourth Regiment of the Line, commanded by General Forey, and the Sardinian cavalry, under General Sonnaz.

Although much inferior to the Austrians in numbers, they made good their position until the arrival of reinforcements from Voghera, the headquarters of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, when the real engagement commenced.

First dislodged from Genestrello, a little in advance of Montebello, and afterwards from Montebello itself, the Austrians, after a severe contest of five hours duration, retreated in good order to Casteggio.

Step by step the Austrians retreated, every inch of ground being warmly contested, but the cold steel in French hands was irresistible, and the Austrians at length gave way, the last position being carried with the bayonet, amid frantic cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Our engraving represents the field of battle at six o'clock, the hottest moment of the fight, when the French troops attacked the south side on Montebello.

Coming through the vineyards on the left, at a quick step, may be seen the Eighty-fourth Regiment of the Line, headed by Colonel Gambriel, while in the midst, and close to the colors, is General Forey, animating his troops by voice and gesture.

The engagement was well contested, as the numbers of killed and wounded will show.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE HIGHLY CELEBRATED SISTERS, MRS. ADELAIDE AND J. Y. GUGGENHEIM,
Who will appear every night in
COMEDY, FARCES and BURLESQUE.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, (LATE BURTON'S, UNDER THE LAFARGE HOUSE.)
Solo Lessee and Manager, MR. F. B. CONWAY.
MR. W. R. BLAKE, MR. JOHN BROUGHAM,
MR. C. M. WALCOT, MR. JOHN DYOT,
MR. F. B. CONWAY, MR. GEORGE HOLLAND,
MRS. F. B. CONWAY, MISS ADA CLIFTON,
MRS. W. H. SMITH, MISS SARA STEVENS,
&c., &c. &c., &c.
Performances commence at 8 o'clock, terminating at 11 o'clock.

THEATRE FRANCAIS, 585 BROADWAY, - F. WIDDOWS ET C.
Sole, Directeurs.
M. PAUL LABA.
Mlle. LAURENCE CHEVALIER.
Les autres rôles par Mlle. Jane Mounibaux, Louise, Mlle. Talbot, Desjain, Thiry and Lesse, et
M. BERRAND,
du Conservatoire de Paris.
Les bureaux seront ouverts à 6 1/2; on commencera à 7 1/2.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM - A GRAND ORIENTAL FAIRY DRAMA, entitled THE MAGIC WELL; OR, THE FIEND OF THE DESERT.
Every Afternoon and Evening at 8 and at 7 1/2 o'clock during the week.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 12 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1859.

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	17 weeks	\$1
One do.	1 year	\$3
Two do.	1 year	\$5
One Copy	2 years	\$5
Three Copies	1 year	\$6
Five do.	1 year	\$10

And an extra copy to the person sending a club of five. Every additional subscription \$2.

OFFICE, 13 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

Notice to Subscribers.

Cash Subscriptions and Remittances for this Paper may be forwarded from any point on the lines of the AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, at our risk. Their lines extend throughout New York, Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Canada West, Northern Kentucky, Missouri, &c., &c. Their messengers run twice daily over the principal lines. Money should be sealed, with name and post office address of the subscriber, and addressed to the Office of this Paper, and a receipt taken therefrom from the Express Agent or Messenger.

The Topics of the Week.

Two chief topics of the week are foreign. Lord Derby's new Parliament met on the 3d, and on the 7th the Queen delivered her speech, which, as Lord Brougham says, "looks at everything, but touches nothing." In the House of Lords the usual loyal address passed with some comment, but no opposition. In the House of Commons affairs were very stormy; no sooner had the seconder of the address sat down, than an amendment was moved by the Opposition, to the effect that the House of Commons had no confidence in her Majesty's Ministers. In another column we have given a brief synopsis of this most important debate, which resulted in the defeat of the Derby Ministry, by a majority of thirteen, in a house of six hundred and thirty-three members, one of the fullest ever recorded. This is a far more serious blow to Austria than a dozen defeats of Magenta, since it is a plain avowal to that selfish and bigoted power that it must not count on either aid or sympathy from Great Britain. Nay, on the contrary, that its feeling is in favor of Italian Independence. This decision will also have immense weight upon Germany and Prussia, who were already waiting for their cue to cry "Hapsburg, and let slip the dogs of war." The policy of the new Cabinet must be in accordance with the sentiment of the House of Commons, which is a strict neutrality, but a complete preparation for every emergency.

The progress of the campaign is recorded in its proper place. Everything forebodes a determination on the part of Austria to fight to the last. Considering her undoubted numerical supe-

riority, her Generals have displayed, so far as can be judged from present results, neither caution nor daring. It is clear they have neither a Wellingtonian nor a Napoleonic mind at their head. Our readers must, however, remember that they are now retreating to the strongest range of continuous fortresses in the world, and which, since 1848, have been the constant care of their engineering skill. So far, however, as moral results are concerned, Austrian rule in Italy is over; England will, no doubt, advise Francis Joseph to resign his Italian Provinces, and to prevent a general war, may possibly assist France and Sardinia in compelling her to accept her destiny. The defeat of Austria will place Prussia more prominently in position and strengthen Protestantism in Germany. It is an anomalous thing for France to be fighting for a cause which has the sympathies of England. There is one point in the present imbroglio which several of our ignorant contemporaries of the daily press, mistake: the declaration of Russia that she will consider the interference of Germany as calling upon her to repress such an attempt, shows more fear of a general war than a participation in Louis Napoleon's schemes. Journalists are too apt to assume the selfishness and villainy of nations, as private persons are to place the worst construction upon the motives and acts of individuals. It merely demonstrates that the Czar is satisfied that Louis Napoleon's intention is simply to put an end to the tyranny of Austria, and to conciliate his hitherto deadly enemies the Italians. It must also be borne in mind that while by his conduct in the Orini affair he alienated the British masses from him, and drove from power his staunch friend—we were almost going to write colleague—his crusade against Austria will most probably restore Lord Palmerston to office and regain the sympathies of the English people.

Our domestic topics are of little importance. We are glad to see in Mr. Buchanan a disposition to render our navy more efficient, and to increase our squadron in the Mexican and Central American waters. It is time we should put an end to those mongrel States, which insult and murder our citizens with impunity.

The state of crime in New York has lately engaged the attention of our thoughtful men. Outrages upon women and children are perpetrated in our most public thoroughfares, which we should suppose could only happen among the very vilest race of demons, for savages naturally respect sex and infancy. A case occurred last week in the Eighth Avenue, where the instincts of the people were so roused that they were on the point of lynching the miscreant; for if it were possible that lynch law could be justified under any circumstances, such a case as that in question demands its infliction. More terror would be stricken into these inhuman monsters by such an impulse of the outraged human heart than by all the trials, retrials, errors of judgment, stays of proceedings and other technical frauds which give villainy so long a life in New York.

We notice that Governor Morgan has resented Quimbo Appo, the Chinese murderer. The effect of this insane leniency will be very fatal upon the minds of the Chinese, a class of wretches of whom we have too many in our midst. It will lead them to believe that they are privileged to murder, and that the law is afraid to punish them. The Chinese mind is one of the most arrogant, degraded and brutal in the world. The countrymen of Quimbo Appo will most certainly misconstrue the ill-judged action of our Executive.

South Amer

THERE is a fatality in the Spanish blood, whether in its "real original Jacob" state of pure Castilian, or when mixed with other races. The bogus and the genuine are equally famous for the misery they inflict wherever it is the predominant "fluid," if, indeed, such filthy puddle can ever rise to the dignity of a liquid.

The last news from Spanish America is more than usually deplorable. In Mexico affairs are in a most distracted condition. The infamous Miramon and his former patrons, the Catholic clergy, have quarrelled; the priests were going to seize upon Miramon, when the latter got the start of his enemies and imprisoned some of the most powerful and vindictive of them. The city of Morelia had been pillaged, the women stripped naked and then whipped to make them discover where some treasure had been concealed. In a word, it is evident that until this country takes possession of Mexico, it will be a curse to itself and a nuisance to the world.

Disorder reigns also in Buenos Ayres and Uruguay; these little mongrel Republics are going to war. Urquiza, who made peace between Lopez and James Buchanan, is about invading Buenos Ayres, and has raised twenty thousand men to effect this amiable purpose. Venezuela is also in a state of bloodshed and anarchy, although there seems some prospect now of the Government putting down the rebels. There is, however, little difference between them—it is a mere toss-up between Pezuch and Lockit. Alvarez, an insurrectionary leader, with about nine hundred bandits under him, had been routed by the Government soldiers, and scattered over the country. Another rebel named Sotilla, was at Pao, with about five hundred men, committing shameful excesses on the miserable inhabitants. Another brigand monster, named Medrano, had been defeated with the loss of a hundred men; and his companion in villainy, Linera, had been attacked by the Government forces and severely punished.

Our old friend, General Paez, seems to be quite despairing of any better state of things, and talks of returning to New York and dying a plain and peaceful American citizen. There is only one chance for Venezuela, and that is, the election of General Paez to the Presidency. Despite the wretched character of these people, there was a great disposition to do honor to that noblest of the Venezuelans, and on his arrival at Laguayra he had received a magnificent ovation in the shape of a grand theatrical demonstration. But we are afraid this unhappy and degraded race of Spanish Americans requires a stern discipline, somewhat similar to that which the schoolmaster of the Tailories employs in the education of *La Grande Nation*.

Is this a Civilized Land?

THROUGH the medium of our exchanges there came to us last week an account of the tarring and feathering of a family by the name of Gatton, living at Mount Liberty, Belmont county, Ohio. These Gattons, as the account runs, having made themselves obnoxious to the good and moral people of Mount

Liberty (base desecration of the name), they were seized upon at midnight, dragged from their beds, their house torn to pieces and their persons submitted to the filthy process, while in a nude state. So far the account within itself is bad enough, as being subversive of law, and disgusting beyond all expression. But, we have yet to come to the great feature. Two members of this Gatton family were women; a mother and a daughter, the latter being only sixteen years of age! The account ending by saying that the mother has been tarred and feathered twice before.

Scarcely is the ink dry upon the paper announcing this fiendish act of rowdism, than another comes to us, almost at our doors. A man named Groat, and a woman, a young girl says the account, named Folmsby, were taken from a house at Kinderhook, in this state, stripped of all clothing, and covered with tar, the woman being treated with the great humanity of only having it applied from her neck down, while with the man it was poured over his head. And this was perpetrated by men! We mean by beasts in the likeness of men. We are then told that these two guilty ones have very respectable connections and parents living! And the recital ends by detailing that they were paraded in that state through the principal streets of the village, by a mob blowing tin horns, beating on tin pans, and shouting all kinds of derisive and obscene shouts, when after the mob tired of them, they were cast loose, and allowed to return to their house.

We know this sounds like an improbable story, we know that in any part of this land, where common decency is supposed to exist, it will be regarded as an impossibility, but we have only to say that it comes vouched for by respectable journals, and stands undenied. It is copied, and reprinted, and apparently gloated on as a piece of excellent fun. The result of sowing this seed will be a harvest of such occurrences all over the land; every town and village that can raise a mob of brutes—and what one cannot—will have its *charivari*, its tarring and feathering, its dragging of unfortunate or guilty women from their wretched homes, and as a result, a few of them perhaps killed in the operation. Are we a Christian people; or, are we—Austrians? We stand in holy horror when we read of that nation whipping women. Are we any better while we suffer such horrible acts among us?

We are not of those who advocate the exception of women from her due punishment when she has committed crime. We have no such false sympathies. Let her, when she has broken the laws of the land, suffer alike with man; any distinction in such case only tends to the demoralization of the whole sex. But in one such as this we have detailed, we would see ten thousand guilty ones escape, rather than one suffer so brutalizing an outrage. Does such an inhuman act tend to reformation? The very proposition is idiotic, and the thing could not occur in any community having within its bounds five able-bodied and sound minded men; had there been such, they would have sold their lives before such a blot should have been cast upon humanity and their native place.

In conclusion, we call upon the authorities of Mount Liberty, Ohio, and Kinderhook, New York, if these wretched places have any authorities, to leave no stone unturned that the originators and actors in these affairs may be found and punished; let them receive a lesson that will go out to the world, and tell that the people at large repudiate such an act, as much they do the Seapoy outrages, the Austrian women whipping, or any other like fiendish villainy. Let them not think it a thing that concerns only their own miserable villages, but rather as a national degradation, that such a deed should have been committed by an American on American soil.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

French Apollonism of the Zouave—A Funny Programme—Highland Costumes; the Result of a March through the Lowlands—Anecdote of Meissonier; the Emperor's Liberty—Alexandre Dumas again; the Singular Proposal made to him—Marguerite la Huguenote's successful debut in "Folichon et Folichonette;" Peculiarity of her Style of Dancing—Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" in Rehearsal—Hume, the Spiritualist, a Character in a Novel.

PARIS, June 9, 1859.

If any one corps of the French army had cause to be specially grateful for the present war, it should certainly be that of the Zouaves. Never before have they been so decidedly the object of Gallic idolatry. They abound in the public journals; correspondents from the seat of war fill their letters with stories of their gaiety and of their bravery; a new Zouave anecdote runs from one end of Paris to the other in less than twenty-four hours; their pranks are dwelt upon admiringly by every *gamin* in the street, and the women listen with wonder-opened mouths to the accounts of their valorous deeds. The demand for Zouave "copy" is, in fact, greater than the authenticated supply; "konsekens is," that many a poor devil of a Bohemian in Paris, just now, earns an honest penny by putting his printed witticisms in the mouth of the public's pet. *Bon mots* I have read without number that a Zouave's limited grammar could never have given the epigrammatic and finished turn they had in print, much less could his brain have conceived them.

Please bear in mind, however, that I do not intend to deny the deal of broad fun and jollity of which the Zouave is really possessed. Sufficient evidence of this is a theatrical programme, issued from the camp at Tortona, two days after the battle of Montebello. I subjoin a translation of the most striking points of this droll document:

TORTONA THEATRE.

WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE MAYOR.

To-day, 23d May, 1859.

The regular comedians of the company of the 3d Zouaves will give, in honor of the battle of Montebello, gained by the Austrians over the French and Piedmontese, for the first time,

A GOOD DRUBBING FOR THE KAISERLICKS!

A tragedy in one act, interspersed with couplets improvised for the occasion.

N. B. Madame Ristori not having been able to arrive in time, her part will be performed by

JEAN BEAUVALLÉ,

Sergeant Trumpeter, who will appear as

SERGEANT RACLAMART.

JOBIN ET NANETTE.

This piece will be enlarged to three acts to oblige the Piedmontese.

A BALLET

executed by the handsomest man in the battalion.

INTERMISSION.

The *continière* of the corps will share herself without a looking-glass.

The performance will take place in the open air at the entrance

o the camp. In case of rain it will be continued an hour or two longer.

Gentlemen are allowed to smoke in the theatre and out of it too.

Price of Admission—Nothing, or an Austrian bank-bill. The treasurer prefers the former money to the latter.

Gentlemen are forbidden to throw bouquets at the sapper who plays the girl's part. His mother might happen to be in the theatre.

At the battle of Palestro, we are told the Zouaves got their baggy trousers so wet, and necessarily so heavy, in crossing some marshy lands, that when ordered to the charge they slipped off their "oh-no-we-never-mention-ems" and rushed at the Austrians, bayonet in hand, bare-legged!

Think of that! Between the Empress and the Zouaves, perhaps I may say, the attention of the Paris populace is at present divided. When the news arrived of the battle of Magenta, her Majesty, in a carriage with the Princess Clothilde, rode down the Rue de Rivoli and the boulevard unattended but by a single piqueur in livery, no sign of a soldier anywhere. This fact is significant. The Empress was hailed with acclamations by the enthusiastic crowd at every point of her progress.

Meissonier, whose finished little cabinet picture of the "Chess Players" you will remember having seen at the French Art Exhibition in your city two years ago, recently took it into his head to make a tour through Italy, but sharing in the impetuosity of the disciples of the brush and easel, he found that he had not money enough to carry him through.

Complaining one day to M. A. Dumas, *fils*, of this provoking lack of the dinari (vulgate "dibs"), the latter replied to him:

"If I were in your place I know what I would do."

"What?"

"Write a letter at once to the Emperor to tell him that I wanted to travel in Italy, but that I had not sufficient money at my present disposal."

Meissonier held out against this for some time, but finally decided to imitate the letter as per advice. "His be did, and at once received a reply from the Emperor, who ordered of him two pictures to cost 45,000 francs, and enclosed a check for 12,000 francs in advance. The artist is now enjoying his *otium cum dig* in the orange groves of *la Bella Italia*, thinking, perhaps, of his pictures, or (very little, perhaps, in this case), of some pretty woman whom he has encountered in his Southern wanderings.

A Paris letter now-a-days would hardly be complete did it not contain mention of some kind of Alexandre Dumas ("the original Jacobs" understand). You have heard, probably, of his projected cruise in the Mediterranean. Well, it is now asserted on good authority that two French Barnums have offered to pay for the clipper which he has ordered to be built for him at Seyra, and to allow him the gratuitous use of it during a year, on the sole condition that the ship shall belong to them on his return, and that Dumas will permit them to take it to London and exhibit it for one shilling per head, as they did with that great Chinese junk anchored in the Thames at the time of the Exhibition. The speculators calculate that this clipper, which will only cost them 18,000 francs, will in this way bring them in from 150,000 to 200,000 francs. For my part, I shouldn't wonder at all if Dumas, profiting by the suggestion, took his clipper to London himself, and exhibited it on his own hook; nor even that, for half-a-crown, he arrayed himself in his gorgeous Caucasian costume, and showed visitors about the ship in person.

Well, Marguerite la Huguénote has made her debut at the Délassés Comiques, in the piece I told you of a letter or two ago, "Folichon et Folichonnette." Her success exceeded all my anticipations. It was what the French call a *succès déconcertant*. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed in the house. I thought at one time that the audience would tear up the benches in excess of enthusiasm. Since Marguerite's advent the "Can-can" has been denominated "the Mar-caille of the feet." She dances it in the highest degree of ideal art, with never the slightest verging to that indecency from which the dance is thought inseparable. The critics consider her a Christopher Columbus in her way, and predict for her an immense "run." The people have affectionately christened her "Rigolbouche"—what that means you are at liberty to determine.

Meyerbeer's long-promised opera, "L'Africaine," is actually in rehearsal! *Mirabile dictu!* One of the Marquisio sisters will sing the part of "L'Africaine." Both of the sisters have been engaged to take part in the opera.

Hume, the spiritualist, who is shortly to return to Paris with his wife, has been introduced in a recently published novel of Arsène Houssaye—it is said, with much tact. I have not yet read the book, and am consequently unable to give you more than this hearsay opinion.

FRANÇOIS.

Passing Notices.

PURE MILK.—Our agitation of this subject is continually bearing fruit. One of the results is curious. One day last week we happened to inspect the Harlem milk trains, and were struck by the number of small padlocked cans which it contained. These small cans belonged to private families, who despatch them every day by train to various dairies, and receive them back each morning with a full complement of pure, rich, creamy milk.

This is an excellent move; one which we have practised for months. Every morning we receive our closed can of delicious, grass-fed country milk from the "Rockland County and New Jersey Milk Association," and we can say, confidently, from a long use of the article, that the milk furnished by the Rockland County Association is pure and genuine, and a luxury which we fully appreciate in our household.

HOTTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.—We acknowledge the receipt of a package of these far-famed and popular bitters. The compound is most agreeable; it is a fine tonic, and its effects are decidedly invigorating and appetizing. It is claimed to possess strong antiseptic qualities, and its success in combating bilious complaints is something remarkable.

In the West and South the sale of these bitters has been immense, and is daily on the increase. The article has been but recently introduced into this city, but it has already made its mark, and will assuredly achieve a great popularity.

H. H. LLOYD & Co., of 348 Broadway, have issued a chart of the war in Italy, which contains, together with much interesting and accurate letter-press, portraits of Victor Emanuel, Francis Joseph, Louis Napoleon, and also two excellent maps. It is got up in very good style, and the information it gives may be relied upon. To be obtained of H. H. Lloyd & Co., 348 Broadway. Price 25 cents.

Personal.

A HANDSOME and clever woman caused herself off at Portage, Wis., as Alice Carey—who writes for the *Lager*—impulsively upon the hotel-keepers and hotel ladies. They "can't keep a hotel" out in Wisconsin, or they would know that Alice Carey is not handsome.

A JOHANNES correspondent of a Boston paper says: "Have you heard the story of Lord Derby's wrath, when having rendered himself unpopular to the House in London by his Austrian policy, a party of them assembled under his windows and cried out, 'Glad Derby! Glad Derby!' Translated, this reads, 'Down Derby! Down Derby!' The version of the sage Premier was true, for he imagined they addressed him as Jew Derby, confounding him with Disraeli. This mistake (as he supposed) on the part of the Italians, aggravated his lordship to an alarming extent."

We find the following advertisement in the columns of the *London Weekly Dispatch*. What on earth can it mean?

AUNT SALLY, COME UP!

This Day Out. Endorsed by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Ornamented Cover, price 1s.

AUNT SALLY, COME UP! By HORACE GRIMLEY. Undoubtedly the most faithful account ever written; and second only in interest to Mrs. Stowe's famous book of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

London: WALK and LOCKE, 168 Fleet street.

Can it be for this that the white-coated chief of the Tribune has taken up his march for Pike, his tank?

CLIP

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* says, "Rembrandt Peale and Thomas Sully, the eminent Philadelphia artists, are engaged in painting each other's portrait. Mr. Joseph Bannock, a wealthy and liberal gentleman of this city, originated the idea, and has commissioned each of the venerable artists to do a full-length portrait of the other. Mr. Peale has recently entered upon his eighty-second year, and this month Mr. Sully will be seventy-six."

A DETACHED couple out West having lost their umbrellas, give vent to the following plaintive cry:

"O where, and O where is our umbrella gone,
The color was of green, the handle was of horn!"

According to M. Amédée Aclard, the ladies of Piedmont are rather excessive in respect to crinolines. "Alessandria," he says, "is a strong fortress, and must, of course, be allowed certain privileges; but yet, it appears to me that in respect to steel petticoats it abuses its right. Never before in my life did I see dresses of such gigantic dimensions as are to be found here. Citizens' wives and courtiers, charwomen, scullery maids, in fact, every soul of Eve's daughters, wear skirts so ample, so expansive, that one is under continual fear of a sudden gust of wind carrying off the whole lot—mothers, sisters, daughters, cousins and all. My own eyes have seen little girls, who certainly were under six, wrapped in balloons with which Mr. Green would undertake to rise to the top of Chimborazo."

Mrs. PARKINSON is coming out with a new volume which she has christened "Knitting-Work: a Web of Many Textures." The following characteristic paragraph has been set aside in regard to the book, whether as a preface or a preparatory announcement we are unable to state:

"So you are coming before the public again?" said the inquisitor, looking into Mrs. Parkinson's little low window at which the dame was knitting. She pondered his words a moment before replying: "I am not a publican," she said at length; "and, though Heaven knows we are none of us too good, the publicans are best, and that's Gospel truth." "I mean," said the querist, "that you have a new work on the carpet." "Not on the carpet, exactly," replied she, "but something that's equal to it—knitting work." "Crawled" he persisted in inquiring. "No," was the response; "there isn't nothing crawled in it, like a snail, to wrangle like a barbed arrow; it will be pleasant to take like a lucubration for a patched gown, and will make people happy. But there's no knowing who will be governor till after election, and whether a book goes well or not depends upon the number that buys it." The inquisitor moved along, and Mrs. P. kept on with her knitting.

AN extraordinary poetical feat is in progress at Paris. The proprietors of the *Librairie Nouvelle* announce that they will publish every Saturday "sixteen quart pages of poetry," by M. Méry, descriptive of *Le Grand Épisode Militaire qui se prépare en Italie*. The prospectus dwells particularly on the fact that the name of M. Méry will always be inspired by the very latest news from the seat of war. The first number, or *premier chant* of this poetical periodical, entitled "*Napoleon en Italie*," has appeared.

DRAMA.

Metropolitan Theatre.—On Monday evening of last week was produced at this house Mr. Brougham's long-tailed-of play, called "Art and Artifice." It is a very long act (which might be compressed into three very short ones), and far too heavy to have a long run during the summer. As a first effort in a new field of dramatic writing, we are inclined to speak leniently of the play; but with all due respect to Mr. Brougham's ambition, we cannot but think he would serve his own reputation better did he confine himself to writing petty comedies, farces and burlesques; in all of which he excels. It cannot be concealed, on the contrary, that in his more lengthy and ambitious productions, even in comedy (with the single exception of "Romance and Reality"), he has not attained a very marked success. In view of these facts, we think it was scarcely wise in our author to bring forward, especially at this time of year, a serious play of the old-fashioned and well-nigh exploded school, in which the characters are not taken in the most skilled language, and perform absurd actions, and, in short, demean themselves in such a manner as to be most eminently unnatural. The drama is founded upon the well-known story of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith painter of Antwerp, who abandoned his forge and took to the palette and brush to win the hand (the heart he already possessed) of the lovely daughter of an artist, who had made a vow that his child should wed only a brother of the brush. With this romance is quite cleverly woven an underplot, connecting with the story Matsys' greatest picture, "The Miser," and also introducing two very pleasant characters, the best in the piece by far, in a pair of light-hearted lovers who woo each other with jokes and badinage, and which same lovers were most charmingly represented by Miss Clifton and Mr. Brougham. The hero and heroine of the play are our old-fashioned stage friends of the last twenty years, and were represented with considerable ability by Mr. and Mrs. Conway, while Mr. Brougham's father was well conceived, and Mr. Walcott's Winkle, the miser's valet, most capably and quaintly portrayed.

It must be borne in mind that we do not judge "Art and Artifice" as we should the work of a tyro, but rather as the production of an experienced, and, in some respects, a master hand; were it the banishing of an unknown author, we should have looked upon it as the harbinger of much good fruit to come, for it undeniably possesses merit, but not a sufficient merit, we think, to warrant the author in supposing that he can transcend a branch of the dramatic art so utterly at variance with the present taste of the public. If the many beautiful and deeply sentimental scenes through the text of this play, together with the sparkling dialogue that occasionally enlivens it, were recast in a more modern and attractive setting, they would certainly have done much towards increasing the already enviable reputation of its author. We must say in conclusion that the play was well dressed and mounted, and we noticed with pleasure one or two new scenes.

Laura Keane's Theatre.—Despite the discouraging effect of heat one night and drenching rain the next, the fair sisters Gogolism still held bravely on at this pretty house, and that the audience is quite anxious to have not the least effect upon their spirits, for they rally away as merry and as well as much as usual as though the theatre was crowded. We trust matters will yet take a turn in the right direction, and that these enterprising ladies will be rewarded for their trouble.

Wallick's Theatre.—The Florence's still occupy this house much to the delight, no doubt, of their many admirers. As they have not as yet offered anything novel, we have not paid them a second visit.

Barnum's American Museum.—For the past week the fairy drama of "The Magic Well, or the Fabled of the Desert," has held possession of the boards at this place. Mrs. Pryor as Zobeide, and in the assumption (as a disguise) of the character of an Arab boy, contributed chiefly by her fine personal appearance and spirited acting to the success of the piece, which, but for this solitary infusion of excellence, we should have pronounced irredeemably bad.

Theatre Francaise.—The hint we threw out in our last notice of this establishment, we are glad to see, has been acted upon. Long, heavy, draggy five act comedies have given place to short, crisp, sparkling comedies and piquant comedies. The temporary difficulty in reference to the management here, of which the public has been made acquainted through the printed card of the artists, has been satisfactorily adjusted. Subscriptions have been already opened for the next season, and in the full we may expect to see a French company established in New York which may compare even more favorably than the present one with those whose fame has reached us from the city of the Tuileries.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies' Spelling a Hundred Years ago.—Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Sam Scote, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, M. King and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began and said, "I love my love with an N because he is a knight." Lady Fiddling followed with, "I love my love with a G because he is a gentleman (Justice)." "And I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a felonious."

The Japanese Women.—The Japanese women, according to recent travellers, are models of amiability and good temper, graceful in their manners and attractive in their persons. But they dye their lips a fierce scarlet, their cheeks a violet, and stain their teeth black with a detestable gangrenous compound—practices sorely in harmony with the toilet artifices of an American belle. They are fond of dress, of course, or would they be women?

Procrastination.—Procrastinators are rarely successful in life. Never defer until to-morrow what can be done at the present time. If you have a lesson to learn begin at once; by constant repetition you will accomplish it. If you wish to acquire any particular branch of education, you must be industrious; by practice you will surmount every difficulty. Should you have an important duty to perform, never defer it; by so doing you may bring life-long trouble upon others. Be prompt in your actions; whatever you undertake try and fulfil. Never promise what you cannot perform. Learn punctuality and self-reliance; then there will be no occasion to rely on another's ability for help. Never retire to rest (even if you are tired) without offering up a prayer to Heaven for protection and guidance. Always endeavor to be dutiful to those who are capable of advising you by their superior knowledge. They indeed feel happy who are at all times ready to do that which is required for their good.

How to Gold Silk.—Take a piece of silk and dip it into a solution of nitrate of silver and ammonia, in which it must be suffered to remain for about two hours. It is then taken out, exposed to a current of hydrogen gas, which reduces the nitrate and leaves the silver in a metallic state adhering to the fabric. This silvered surface can easily be covered with gold by the electroplating process. Gold and silver-lace are thus produced in France.

Western Hospitality.—A contemporary accounts for Western hospitality by saying that where houses are so far apart as in that part of the country a stranger is as welcome as a newspaper, and is commonly used as one. The moment he arrives he is "put in the parlor," and what is more, kept there until all the news that has happened for the last month is thoroughly squeezed out of him, and bottled up for future use. A man that tells a good murder story could travel from one end of Indiana to the other without expense.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A Versatile Editor.—One of our exchanges advertises for two compositors "who don't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk" necessary to support the dignity of the establishment, and can swear "a few" if occasion should call.

Shakespeare in the Street.—Passing along, a youth tore his coat on a nail in a barrel—seeing which he struck an attitude, and exclaimed, "See what a rent the envious cask has made!"

Such an Excuse!—A man came into a printing office to beg a newspaper: "Branche," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

A Rule that will Work both Ways.—Old Grumble was sneering about his wife's cribbages the other day, when Mrs. Grumble said, "They keep the men at a proper distance, and that's a blessing."

"Yes, to the men," said Grumble.

Statu Quo.—A Frenchman, being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating at the same time that it was considered a very good stand for the business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, yes, he's very good stand for de business, me stand all day, for nobody comes to make me move."

A Western Editor's Apology.—"Our office being a little too airy to suit the season will account for the small amount of reading matter in this week's issue."

An Editor Again.—A Western editor has been having his place "fixed up" lately. Fear how unpleasantly he informs the world of the fact: "There has been considerable excitement for the last two or three days about the taste and neatness displayed by Mr. Crump in whitewashing the hall leading to our office. Mr. Crump is a man of energy, and deserves the thanks of the public for the spirit of improvement he has so laudably manifested recently."

For Ever.

From spring to sea, like the river we go—
Through plenty and poverty, grandeur and woe;
From the happy nook where our life began,
To the busy scene of the busy man;
Through all that on earth is bright and fair,
Thro' the hills that crown and the dangers that stare;
Harrying on and speeding the shore,
And passing from night to be seen no more,
But sailing away like a mighty river,
With outstretched arms, to the vast for ever!
And thus, from our birth, to Eternity flow,
From the spring to the sea, like the river we go.

Three Kind of Writers.—There are, you know, three sorts of writers, those who are inspired, and can imagine what would be and are the feelings and doings of men and women under any circumstances, who have by intuition the knowledge that others are for years striving to attain; next come those who having first felt profoundly, have the power to portray their own feelings in their words; and humbly, and last of all, those who, like Vincent, looking on at Vienna, calmly and considerably note what occurs before their eyes.—*Adam Badeau.*

Anecdote of an Ex-President.—When Willard Fillmore was practicing law in the Buffalo courts he was a pretty formidable antagonist, even in that city of bars and benches. Upon one occasion a witty lawyer by the name of Talcott was his opponent; and the latter, wishing to show to the jury how strongly the rival case was fortified, made use of a phrase which he presumed would come home to their feelings. "Not only," said he, "have my client's rights been invaded, but also, in order to sustain that broad, you find arrayed against him the best talent in the country, I may say, the right bower of the profession!"

"What does the gentleman on the opposite side mean by the right bower?"

said M. F., who had never played a game of euchre in his life.

"Why," said Talcott, with a sly wink at the jury, "I thought everybody knew what that meant—the biggest knave in the pack!"

Pike, his Peak.—The following conversation is reported between an outgoing and a returning party, just beyond Leavenworth.

"Hallo! stranger, going to the Peak?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you wait for the grass?"

"Grass! We've no oxen, horses, or mules; what have we to do with grass?"

"Yas—but you are making asses of yourselves, and you are likely to want fodder!"

Kisses.

Sitting to night in my chamber,
A bachelor, fright and lone;
I kiss the end of my pipe stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries with the smoke wreaths—
Mysteries tender surround me;
Girls that are married—at bark—
Gather around me.

School girls in pantaloons romping—
Girls that have grown to be maidens—
Girls that liked to be kissed—and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses!—well I remember them!
Times in the corner were sweetest:
Sweet were those "on the sly" those in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle,
To was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt, and coquette;
"Was" catch me and kiss if you can, sir!"
Could I ever both—no! I wasn't I
A happy man, sir!

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cook's her own dinner.

Charlotte and Susan and Hattie,
Mary Jane, Lucy and Maggie—
Four are married and plump, too;
Maiden and courage.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye miscreants, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and not best.

That I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor, fright and lone;
I kiss the end of my pipe stem—
That, and that only!

Peppercorns for the Hair.—"Can you take off my hair here?" said a grave, tall-sided Yankee to an Albany barber, flinging at the same time his chin with a noise like a grater. "It's a light baird; what c'yer tax? Three cents for a light baird, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, go ahead, then."

While the barber was rasping three cents' worth from his chin, his "sister" saw an assistant putting eucalyptus upon a customer's hair, through a quill in the cork of a bottle.

"Look o' here, squire," said the Yankee, "c'm't you squirt some of that peppercorns onto my head too? Say, can't you throw a little of that in for three cents?"

Continuance of Action Impossible to Woman.—Nothing is so hard to woman (says Charles Reade), as a long steady struggle. In matters physical, this is the thing the muscles of the fair cannot stand. In matters intellectual and moral, the long strain it is that beats them down. Do not look for a Cicero, a Newton, a Handel, a Victoria Hugo. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of those. No! no! no! These are not in nature. They can bubble letters in ten minutes that you could no more deliver to order in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories, they can flash like diamonds of poems. The entire sparkle has never produced one opera nor one epic that man could tolerate a minute, and why?—these come by long, high-strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run of everything but affections (and there they are giants), they are all overpowering while their gallop lasts. Fragile shall dance any two of you fat on the floor before four o'clock, and then dance on the peep of day. You trouble off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so on through countless ages. She who danced you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with headaches.

New Shades for Billiard Tables.—One of the most important things after procuring your billiard table is to secure some means of throwing an equal light over its whole surface and concentrating it there. Although there are very many billiard tables in the city, but a small proportion of them are scientifically lighted; these will always be shadows here and there which are injurious to the perfect sight. The new shade, invented and manufactured by Mr. David Conlan, 91 Common street, effects for the billiard table all that is needed. It is once concentrated and diffuses the light over the surface of the table, while it steadies the flame and hides the glare. We use these Conlan shades, and can speak positively of their superior excellence. They are the only shades good for anything for billiard purposes. Phelps uses them on his private tables, and fully endorses them. They should be universally adopted.

HEINRICH, BARON HESS.

Baron Hess, who succeeds General Gyulai in the command of the Austrian army in Italy, is a genuine Austrian, having been born in Vienna in 1788, and is, consequently, seventy-two years of age.

Notwithstanding his age and the service he has seen, like the Marshal Radetzky, he still possesses, unimpaired, the intellectual and bodily vigor which will be taxed so heavily in his coming campaign.

Baron Hess entered the army when but seventeen years of age, and was employed on the staff and in military surveys, and when the war broke out in 1809 he had reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

He was present at the battle of Wagram in 1809, and at Dresden and Leipzig in 1813, and so distinguished himself that he received decorations from each of the allied monarchs.

He served in Italy in 1848, and it is said that Radetzky was indebted to him for the plan of the campaign following the armistice of the 9th August, and which in three days destroyed the Sardinian army, and terminated the war. For his services in the war of 1848 the Emperor created him Baron, made him Master of the Ordinance, and presented him with the Grand Cross of Maria Teresa and the Order of Leopold.

He was made a Field Marshal in 1842.

DEATH OF COLONEL MORELLI, at Montebello.

We present our readers with a graphic representation of the charge of the Piedmontese cavalry, at Montebello, upon the advance guard of the Austrians. The cavalry corps, it will be remembered, was commanded by General de Sonnaz. As the Austrians came on under the brow of the hill, the Piedmontese cavalry rode down upon them. First to dash gallantly in upon the enemy was the Sardinian Colonel Morelli at the head of his troop, who followed him, urging their horses to the top of their speed. Waving his sword about his head, with an encouraging cry to his troopers, the intro-



HEINRICH, BARON HESS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

pid colonel spurred his horse forward. The noble animal obeyed his master's will. A moment after three Austrian bayonets passed through his head and he sank quivering to the ground. Colonel Morelli raised his sword to cut down his nearest adversary, before he could do so, however, these same three bayonets entered his breast. He fell upon the battle-field a corpse.

The brilliant success of this charge is known. The Austrians were driven disastrously back, but the Sardinians, as they retired slowly and in order, carried back with them the dead body of their gallant leader.

GEN. MACMAHON, Marshal of France.

M. MARIE PATRICE MAURICE COMTE DE MACMAHON was born in the magnificent chateau of Sully, in the canton of Autun and the arrondissement of Epinac, France, on the 12th of June, 1803. At an early age he entered the Royal Military School of Saint-Cyr, from which he graduated on the 1st of October, 1827, with the appointment of sub-lieutenant of the Fourth Hussars, a corps of which his brother Joseph was captain. He exchanged in 1830 into the Twentieth Regiment of the line, ordered upon the African campaign.

On the 27th of September, 1831, he was promoted lieutenant of the Eighth Cuirassiers, and at the siege of Anvers, in 1832, acted in the capacity of aide-de-camp to General Achard. On March 15th, 1833, as captain of the staff, he was attached to the First Cuirassiers. In 1836, in Africa, where he distinguished himself in the expedition against Constantine, he became aide-de-camp of the Duke de Nemours. In 1840 he resigned his position as a staff officer, and was appointed to the command of the Tenth Battalion of the Chasseurs à Pied. On the 31st of December, 1842, we find him risen to the post of lieutenant-colonel of the Second Foreign Legion, and on the 24th of April, 1845, to that still more eminent one of colonel of the Forty-fourth Regiment of the infantry of the line. It was on the 12th of June, 1848, that Colonel MacMahon re-

35.4



DEATH OF THE SARDINIAN COLONEL MORELLI, AT THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

35.13

ceived a Field Marshal's epaulettes, and on the 16th of July, 1852, that he was appointed General of a division. On the battle field of Magenta, June 4th, 1859, he was appointed by the Emperor Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta, thus reaching the topmost round in the ladder of his military career.

Marshal MacMahon, as his name denotes, is of Irish extraction, and noted for the impetuous daring which is characteristic of the natives of that country. Many stories are told of his bravery and coolness in face of the most deadly perils. One of these will suffice for embodiment in the present article:

During the siege of Constantine, in 1837, M. de MacMahon entered a small house in which were three Arabs. Two of these jumped out of the window; the third raised his gun to his shoulder and waited until his adversary was close to its very muzzle before he fired. The ball tore through the chest of the intrepid French officer and carried away his left breast. The latter directed a fierce blow at the Bedouin, but the blade, instead of entering the flesh, bent. Then the Arab let fall his gun, and seized the blade of his enemy's sabre in both hands. A fearfully dramatic struggle ensued between the two adversaries, and had continued for several minutes, when a French voltigeur entered the hut. At sight of the new comer the Bedouin was fear-stricken, his hands loosed their grasp, and M. de MacMahon prodded by this circumstance to pass his sabre through his body. The price of this victory was the gun of the Mussulman, which is still in the possession of M. le Comte Joseph de MacMahon.

In 1855 M. de MacMahon was at the head of the First division of the French army in the Crimea. He it was who planted the French colors on the Mamelon on that terrible day when Sebastopol fell. After the taking of the Malakoff, from the 20th of September, 1855, until peace was concluded with Russia in 1856, he had under his command the entire reserve corps of the army, composed of some eighty-five thousand men.

M. de MacMahon is as modest as he is brave, and beloved by all who know him. His recent exploits in the war of Italy are matters of history, and as such recorded in another part of our paper. The portrait which we present of this distinguished man is a quite recent one, and pronounced to be as truthful in detail as it is effective in the ensemble.

No Go.—"Mr. Jenkins, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?" "Well—when why, no, sir—not 'sactly, you are mistaken in the man—I am not one of the old settlers."



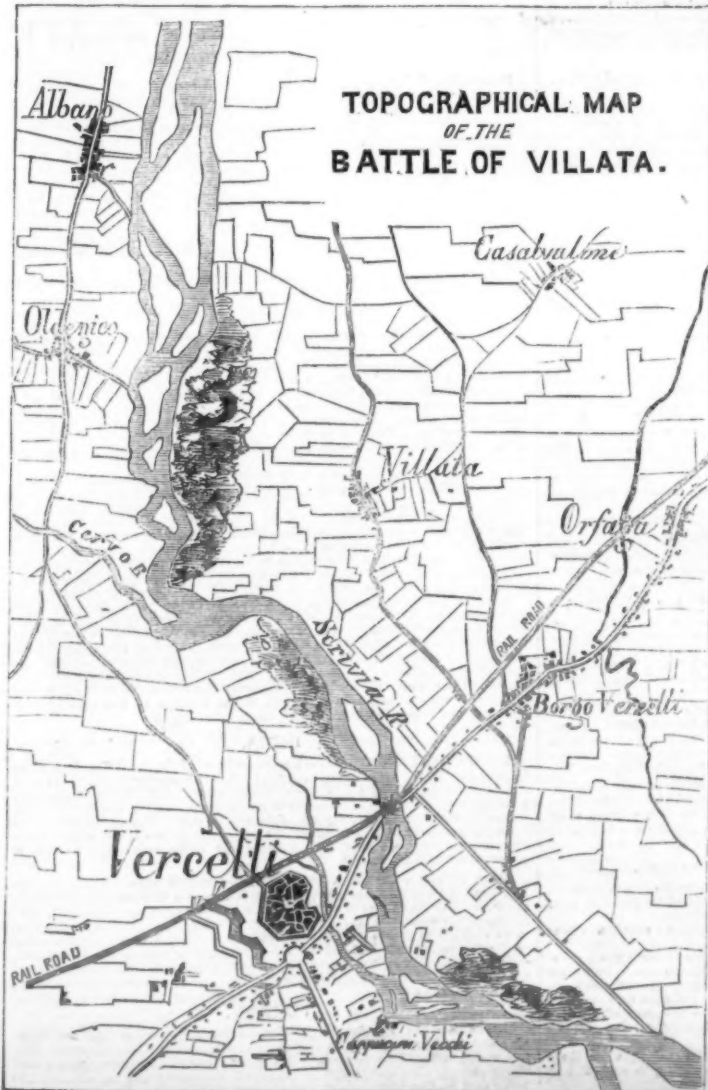
GENERAL COUNT DE MACMAHON, MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO CAPT. WILLIAM H. HALLICK, BY THE NEW YORK CITY GUARD.

Tiffany & Co., Designers and Manufacturers.

The very fine service of silver illustrated below was presented to Capt. William H. Hallick, by the New York City Guard, on his retirement from the captaincy of that celebrated corps of our citizen soldiery. The silver is a fine specimen of the silversmith's art, about sixteen inches in diameter. As the present style of silver is essentially plain, the single ornament is a finely chased border of the grill pattern. The pitcher and goblets are of a similar general design.

Sickness Extraordinary.—Last week a man boltea a door and threw up a window.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE BATTLE OF VILLATA.

36.92

FRENCH SOLDIERS ENTRENCHING A FARM-HOUSE ON THE FIELD OF MARENCO.

THE young aspirants for glory, who have joined the French army under the idea that fighting is to be their only occupation, will have found out ere this that they have sadly mistaken, as the French appear to have followed the old Roman system, and cast up entrenchments, and cut down trees to form *abatis*, on the slightest occasion presenting itself; and, as will be seen by our engraving, it is far from child's play, but good, honest, hard work, that requires a strong arm and plenty of endurance.

Cutting down trees is an inevitable consequence of war, and wherever the armies have been located, the country will present a somewhat bare appearance for some time to come.

The illustration which we have given above represents a party of French soldiers entrenching a farmhouse on the famous plain of Marengo, in the immediate neighborhood of Alessandria.

What the object of this may have been it is difficult to say, as at that moment the Austrians were also busily engaged in the same work many miles away.

GENERAL BEURET.

GENERAL BEURET, who fell at Montebello whilst gallantly leading on his men, was born at Riviere (Upper Rhine), January 15th, 1803, and was at the time of his death fifty-six years of age.

He commenced his career by entering the special military school in 1821, and afterwards served in the campaigns in Spain and the Moors, receiving the grade of lieutenant in 1830, and that of adjutant-major in 1836.

In 1849 he accompanied the expedition to Rome in the capacity of lieutenant-colonel, and for the services which he then rendered he received the Pontifical Order of Pius IX.

In 1852 he received his colonelcy in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Line, and proceeded in command of that regiment to Africa, where he remained until the breaking out of the Crimean war, whither he was ordered, and he was wounded in the left shoulder by the bursting of a shell on the 9th December, 1854.

On the 10th of January, the year following, he was made General, and had the command of the First Brigade of the Sixth Division of the army, then in the Crimea.

On the 27th of the same month he was promoted to the rank of an officer of the Legion of Honor. On February 9, 1855, he received the command of the First Brigade of the Third Division of Infantry of the First Corps, and was wounded at the battle on May 4, when the grand attack on Sebastopol took place; and in the order of the day he was praised for his gallant conduct during the nights of May 22 and 23, 1855.

On the termination of the Russian war, General Beuret was appointed to the command of a Brigade of Infantry of the Army of Paris.



PLATE PRESENTED TO CAPT. WM. H. HALLICK, BY THE N. Y. CITY GUARD.—PHOT. BY BRADY. 36.94

In April last, when the formation of the Army of the Alps was commenced, the brigade of General Beuret was constituted the first of the First Division, and had the honor of inaugurating the campaign by the battle which took place on the 20th May, but in which, unfortunately, it was fated to lose its leader.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Persia brings news to the 11th inst. all of which is of considerable importance. We give the war news in its proper place.

ENGLAND.

Parliament met on the 7th, when the Queen delivered the following speech from the Throne:

My Lords and Gentlemen—I avail myself with satisfaction, in the present anxious state of public affairs, of the advice of my Parliament, which I have summoned to meet with the least possible delay. I have directed that papers shall be laid before you from which you will learn how earnest and unceasing have been my endeavors to preserve the peace of Europe. These endeavors have unhappily failed, and war has been declared between France and Sardinia on one side, and Austria on the other. Receiving assurances of friendship from both the contending parties, I intend to maintain between them a strict and impartial neutrality; and I hope, with Government's assistance, to preserve to my people the blessing of continued peace. Concerning, however, the present state of Europe, I have deemed it necessary to the security of my dominions and the honor of my crown to increase my naval forces to an amount exceeding that which has been sanctioned by Parliament. I rely with confidence on your cordial concurrence in this precautionary measure of defensive policy. The King of the Two Sicilies having announced to me the death of the King his father, and his own accession, I have thought it right, in concert with the Emperor of the French, to renew my diplomatic intercourse with the Court of Naples, which had been suspended during the late reign. All my other foreign relations continue on a perfectly satisfactory footing.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—The estimates for the year, for which provision has not been made by the late Parliament, will immediately be laid before you, together with such supplementary estimates as present circumstances render indispensably necessary for the public service.

Mr. Lord Russell—I have directed a bill to be prepared for giving effect, so far as the aid of Parliament may be required, to certain suggestions of the commissioners whom I had appointed to inquire into the best mode of efficiently manning the Royal Navy, and I recommend this important subject to your immediate attention. Measures of legal and social improvement, the progress of which in the late Parliament was necessarily interrupted by the dissolution, will again be brought under your consideration. I should with pleasure give my sanction to any well-considered measure for the amendment of the laws which regulate the representation of my people in Parliament, and I should you be of opinion that the necessity of giving your immediate attention to measures of urgency relating to the defence and financial condition of the country will not leave you sufficient time for legislation with due deliberation during the present session on a subject at once so difficult and so extensive. I trust that at the commencement of the next session your earnest attention will be given to a question of which an early and satisfactory settlement would be greatly to the public advantage. I feel assured that you will enter with zeal and diligence on the discharge of your parliamentary duties, and I pray that the result of your deliberations may lead to secure to the country the continuance of peace abroad and progressive improvement at home.

In the Lords the address was agreed to without a division, although Lord Granville severely criticised the conduct of ministers. This was answered by Lord Malmesbury. After speeches from Lord Brougham, Ellenborough, North, and Lord John Russell, the House of Lords was adjourned. In the Commons the address was agreed to. The feeling in the House of Peers is not so much in favor of Austria as it is against France. In the House of Commons a far different scene was enacted. An amendment to the address expressive of a want of confidence in the Derby Ministry was moved by the Marquis of Hartington. It was said that the Austrian pretensions of the ministry the war was owing, since it had encouraged Austria to invade Piedmont. Disraeli, in a long and able speech, replied. He denied that they had any hand in the matter, or that he himself or his colleagues had ever shown it. He urged an immediate decision. Lord Bury, the nobleman who has lately been travelling in Canada and the United States, asserted that Lord Derby had most unambiguously proclaimed his approval of Austria, and his condemnation of Louis Napoleon's conduct in forcing on the war. He there considered him to be a dangerous man to wield the power of England at such a time. Sir Charles Napier called attention to the state of the Navy, and increasing the military and naval forces which he declared to be of more importance than party squabbling. He expressed considerable doubt of Russia.

After several unimportant members had spoken Lord Palmerston rose and greeted with loud cheers. He looked as fresh as though he were only fifty instead of eighty, and spoke with great force and point. He laid the responsibility of the war upon the blundering or partial conduct of the ministers. He maintained that had the ministers spoken firmly to the Austrian Government, it would have agreed to a Congress to settle the Italian difficulty. He alluded to the cruelty and oppression of the Austrian rule, and set down professing his sympathy with Italy, but his determination to preserve a strict neutrality without the honor and interests of England were in danger.

Sir James Graham and Mr. Bright vehemently attacked the ministers, while Mr. Fitzgerald, Seymour and others defended them. The debate finally closed on the morning of the 11th, after speeches from Milner Gibson, Sydney Herbert, Lord John Russell and Cornwall Lewis against, and Mr. Roebuck, Gladstone and Lindley in favor of the ministers. On a division the vote of censure was carried by a majority of thirteen, the numbers being three hundred and twenty-three to three hundred and ten.

It was supposed that Lord Derby and his colleagues would tender their resignation on the day the Persia left, and the common opinion was that it would require a statement of Lord Palmerston's experience and ability at the head of affairs.

The Atlantic Telegraph.

It has been decided to accept the offer made by the British Government. All efforts to obtain an unconditional guarantee had failed, and the condition imposed in order to obtain the guaranteed eight per cent. on the £600,000 of capital to be raised, was that the cable should be worked thirty days consecutively, at the rate of one hundred words per hour. The test of the working condition to be the same either for the old or the new cable. Mr. Wrotley stated that if they succeeded he had reason to believe the American Government would increase their subsidy to £20,000 per annum. He thought that the most equitable way to carry out the undertaking was to allow eight per cent. on the new preference capital of £600,000, then to allow four per cent. on the old capital; and should any surplus profits remain, to divide them ratably between the old and new shares.

The directors were requested to remain in office, and not to resign as they had proposed. Mr. Dalgleish, M.P., was added to the direction. The number of directors was reduced to twelve, and there being but nine in office the board was authorized to fill up the vacancies when convenient.

The directors were authorized to carry out the agreement entered into with the Government, and a formal resolution was passed authorizing the raising of £600,000 in preference shares of £5 each on the terms above recommended by the chairman.

The meeting passed off in the best manner, and the directors were confident of being able to get all the money they require to have a manufactured and laid a new cable of the best kind. The prospects of the company were believed to be improving daily.

The Red Sea cable was successfully laid to Aden on the 28th of May. The British Channel fleet was to anchor at Spithead on the 24th of June, and by additions to that date, would comprise thirty pendants, including fifteen sail of the line.

The remains of Sir Thomas Picton, of Waterloo memory, had been removed to St. Paul's Cathedral.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* announces the appointment of M. Renier as French Minister to Naples.

There was a report of the formation of a camp at St. Omer.

Strong detachments of infantry had been sent from Paris to Italy, and two regiments were being actively formed. Two hundred Zouaves from Algeria had arrived in Paris, to form a third battalion of the Zouaves' Guard.

The *Times*' Paris correspondent is assured that disapprobation has been expressed by foreign Governments, including Russia, at the manner in which matters have been conducted in Turin.

The Paris Bourse has been very flat, and a daily decline in prices took place, notwithstanding the success of the Allies in Italy. Lord Derby's speech, implying false pretences to France in commencing war, caused something like a panic. The market on the 10th was depressed, and the three per cent. closed at 75 for money, and 61.70 for account. The monthly returns of the Bank of France show an increase in bullion of upwards of £2,000,000.

GERMANY.

In the Chamber, at Dresden, the Foreign Minister of Saxony had declared in favor of war against Napoleon, and the Deputies, by a majority, had expressed the same view.

Associations for the relief of wounded Austrians, and for the support of the families of the killed had been formed at Hamburg, Liel, and other places in Northern Germany.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government penates in its resolve not to be dragged into the war, but solemnly promises not to permit a hair of Germany's head to be injured by the French. There has been a great deal of diplomatic fencing between Prussia and Austria, but neither has managed to acquire much real insight into the other's views. Prussia tried to learn exactly the terms on which Austria would make peace, and the latter wanted to obtain from the Berlin Cabinet a promise of active support under certain exactly defined circumstances. The Imperial Government, in a general way, stated that it would not object to restore the sword to the sabber if the Powers would guarantee that the Treaty of 1815 should be strictly maintained, and then desired to be informed whether Prussia would take the field should either of the following circumstances occur: 1. Should the position of Austria, as a

Great Power, be endangered. 2. Should any offensive step be taken by France against Germany. And, 3. Should France attempt to set aside the Treaty of 1815.

The Prussian Cabinet replied that it was resolved in maintaining the balance of power in Europe, and that, if necessary for the protection of Germany, it would bring 400,000 men into the field. It, however, declined for the moment to place any troops on the Rhine, as such a step would exasperate the French, and might lead to an attack on Germany. The end of the discussion was, that Austria agreed to leave the matter entirely in the hands of Prussia, who is now de facto the leading Power in Germany. If Prussia had at once made a demonstration on the Rhine she would have played second fiddle to Austria, but if she takes the field in force when the latter is in its rose, she will figure in the eyes of Germany, and of Europe at large, as the protectress of her federal ally.

NAPLES.

Naples continued tranquil. The Marquis Filangieri had been appointed President of the Council. Seven British sloops of war arrived in the Bay of Naples on the 9th.

ROME.

A letter from Rome to the London *Times* contains the following: "The Austrian vessels, *Wabash* and *Macedonia*, have left Civita Vecchia for Naples. Before leaving this very painful scene is related to have occurred: A young girl one day asked a sailor which was the deepest part of the port, and immediately afterwards going towards it threw herself in and disappeared. She was saved, however, by three standing round. She appears to have been a young American residing in Palermo, and had fled with some man to Civita Vecchia. On arriving here her seducer, having shut her up in an hotel, abandoned her. Every assistance was given her by the authorities, and the Delegate sent her to Rome by a special train. The arrival of a train with three persons only—the girl and her two conductors—put the whole diplomatic world in confusion, who were anxious to know who was the mysterious arrival, and curiosity was not satisfied until the despatch of the Delegate, detailing the incidents of the affair, was shown."

INDIA AND CHINA.

The mails from Calcutta to May 5 and from Hong Kong to April 28 had arrived in England.

There is no political news of importance.

At Calcutta freights were quiet but stiffer. Exports dull, but imports more active. Exchange unaltered.

At Hong Kong exchanges were quoted at 8½d.

At Shanghai imports were quiet. A fair business in exports at lower prices. Exchanges, 6s. 8d.

A terrible storm raged along the coast from Ceylon to Negapatnam in the latter part of April. A French vessel passed sixty wrecks and numbers of dead bodies.

The United States frigate *Germania* was at Hong Kong, and the steamer *Mississippi* was at Japan.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

London, Saturday, June 11, 1859.

The House of Commons met a few minutes after 12 o'clock to-day. The attendance of members was very numerous, in expectation of some ministerial explanation consequent upon the vote of that morning.

Lord Hartington occupied the address in answer in reply to the speech from the throne; and the address having been read and agreed to, was ordered to be presented to her Majesty.

On the motion of Lord John Russell, Friday next was appointed to take the Queen's speech into consideration.

Sir S. Northcote moved that the House on rising should adjourn till Friday next.

After some conversation by Sir C. Napier respecting the Navy, the motion was agreed to.

Some bills were then brought up, and papers presented, when, at 12½ o'clock, the House adjourned.

Berlin, Saturday, June 11.

The semi-official *Preussische Zeitung* contains the following:

"Reports are current that the whole Prussian army will be mobilized, and that Prussia will soon take part in the existing conflict, but we believe, says the journal, that we are not mistaken in stating that no resolution of such a nature has yet been taken, nor is it immediately imminent. If Prussia should be caused to take further steps for the development of her warlike power, her only object will be to make the position she has hitherto held of greater avail."

Dresden, Friday, June 10.

The Dresden *Journal* of to-day contains the following:

"Prussian Commissioners were here yesterday negotiating for the transport by railway of considerable bodies of Prussian troops. A satisfactory result without difficulty was arrived at. The Commissioners then started for Munich with a similar object."

Paris, Saturday, June 11.

The *Moniteur* of to-day publishes a decree appointing Gen. Schramm Superior Commander of the camp at Chalons, where three divisions of Infantry and one of cavalry will be assembled.

The *Moniteur* also states that 5,000 Austrian prisoners have arrived at Marseilles and Toulon.

Turin, Friday, June 10.

The following is a Sardinian official bulletin:

"The Austrians have definitively evacuated Pavia and are said to be at Lodi. The allied armies are advancing. General Garibaldi occupied Bergamo on the morning of the 8th, and having learned that 1,500 Austrians were coming from Brescia, sent a detachment to meet them, which, though inconsiderable in numbers, nevertheless beat the enemy."

Verona, Sunday, June 10.

The following is an Austrian official bulletin:

"On the 14th of June General Urban, of Canonica, and the eighth Corps d'Armee, at Magensena, were engaged in sanguinary fights. The enemy, in greatly superior force, appears to be advancing from Milan, and the Austrian army has therefore passed the Adda in good order, and is nearing the reinforcements in reserve. The courage of our troops is unbroken, and they are longing for a decisive battle."

Turin, Saturday, June 11.

Private letters from Milan respecting the battle of Marignano state that 600 Zouaves were put *hors de combat*.

The Austrians, who were 30,000 strong, suffered a loss of 1,500 killed and wounded, and 1,500 prisoners. The battle lasted nine hours.

At 11 o'clock a night a battalion of Hungarians and Croats intending to surprise the village were surrounded and defeated.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that the latest accounts from Italy state that both the Allied and Austrian armies are preparing for another general engagement.

The battle of Magenta had produced an indelible effect in that capital. For the moment, says the correspondent, the public appeared to be stunned. Military men are indignant that the finest army Austria ever possessed should have been entrusted to such a bungler as Count Gyula appears to be.

The Sardinian Government has declared that it does not consider coal as contraband of war.

The report of the Upper Lombardy which has been freed from the Austrians has hastened to proclaim Victor Emanuel as King. Volunteers are rapidly arriving from all parts to join General Garibaldi's corps, which is pursuing the enemy beyond Mantua. General Urban's army, after a precipitate retreat from Varese, has become dispersed, and his scattered soldiers have been taken prisoners and disarmed.

Berne, Thursday (via France).

The Federal Council has ordered the immediate fortifying of Lenzburg, and also of the frontiers of the Grisons bordering on Austria. Orders have likewise been issued by the Council to hasten the completion of the fortifications of St. Maurice, in the canton Valais.

Berne, Thursday, 4:30 A.M. (via France).

Three Austrian armed transports, bearing vessels in low, were observed entering Swiss waters by the outposts of the Swiss troops, under Major Lutner. The transports were immediately stopped, and surrendered, and at five o'clock in the morning the Swiss commander of the Radelety brought them into Morgins, where they will be kept by our troops alongside of five Sardinian steamers.

Turin, Thursday, June 9.

The retreat of the Austrians continues. The enemy has evacuated Laveno, abandoning their material of war, and taking shelter on board of vessels in Swiss waters.

Berne, Thursday, June 9.

Last night 650 Austrians quitted Laveno, leaving their provisions behind them, and spiking their guns. This morning they arrived in Swiss territory, and were carried off to Morgins, where Colonel Boncompagni has ordered a list of the prisoners and their arms to be made, and this evening they will be sent up into the interior to Bellinzona.

The Emperor of Austria's Proclamation.

To my Faithful Subjects of the Tyrol and the Zipsberg—I call you to arms. I summon you to show awe to your contemporaries and to posterity your fidelity, your bravery, your piety, your religious enthusiasm. I call you to defend the most righteous cause for which sword was ever drawn.

Take in your practiced hands the whole arm of your country. Form your selves into corps of riflemen, and march to the frontier to meet the enemy. Let your fidelity and your resolution serve as a rampart against the same enemy who has so often paid with his blood the invasion of your mountains.

It is to you that I confide the task of defending the frontiers of my dear country of the Tyrol against the enemy who has made himself the ally of revolt against the legitimate dominion established by God.

If the enemy should menace them you will make him feel that, on these frontiers is a people who will know how, like their brethren, to combat and conquer for God and the country.

Given at my headquarters at Verona this 8th of June.

FRANCIS JOSEPH.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Kossuth krum.—This eminent blower is now travelling through England, urging the people to compel their Government to preserve a strict neutrality. He naturally clings to the chances of Louis Napoleon dismembering the Austrian Empire, which would, of course, afford Hungary a chance of recovering her independence. He addressed an immense assemblage in London, which was presided over by the Lord Mayor. His speech displayed his usual eloquence and point, and was applauded to the very echo. He is, without any exception, the most brilliant orator living, but we are afraid that his vanity will for ever prevent his being a useful man to either his own country or the world.

The Queen and the Pope.—Under this heading the *Derry Journal* contains a letter from a London correspondent, announcing that the Queen is to visit Ireland at the close of next July or beginning of August, to review troops in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and to be present at a naval demonstration in Queenstown. But the most "curious, if true," portion of the communication is, that Pius the Ninth is about to visit England upon invitation. The writer says: "The Queen will be accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and several other members of the Royal Family; she will hold a Court at Dublin Castle, review troops in the Phoenix Park and at the Curragh camp; visit Killarney and Cork, and be present at a grand naval display at Queenstown. This exhibition in your noble Irish bay will be well entitled to take a place amongst any of our national naval demonstrations, not only from its being the first of the kind presided over by a British sovereign in Irish waters, but because of its significance." With respect to the Pope's visit, the correspondent refers to a statement to the effect that his Holiness, at the outbreak of the war, was desirous of proceeding to Vienna, but was prevented by order of the Emperor Napoleon, and says: "France evidently was afraid to let the Pope depart, knowing that a tower of strength his name would be to Austria in the contest which is now carrying on by the Roman Catholic sovereigns. Naturally enough, his Holiness feels indignant at the conduct of France, and has determined upon opposing it; and to accomplish this the more effectually, it is said that the Pope has been invited to visit England, and has accepted the invitation on the ground that the first favorable opportunity. Whether the Emperor will go the length of issuing his fiat against the arrangement time will tell, but I may state that the prevalent opinion here is that he will oppose it."

FRANCE.

Winning a Wife at the Races.—A singular story is afloat concerning the race which was run by gentlemen riders in conclusion of the races at Versailles on Sunday. Ostensibly the stakes were a thousand francs a-side, but, to the initiated, a far different stake was run for on this occasion. It is said that for some time past a well-known empress of the world of fashion, whose beauty, fortune, and high birth had rendered her the cynosure of all eyes, had distinguished by her preference a certain gentleman of great celebrity in the sporting world, to the exclusion of her former flame. The rivalry was carried to such a pitch that the society of both parties had become a perfect nuisance in every salon they frequented. Once or twice it was imagined that a reconciliation would have become inevitable, which the lady fearing, declared her determination, if any duel should ensue between the rival suitors, both should be dismissed. Under this sentence, one of the gentlemen thought of another method of determining their fate—to confide their destiny to a trial on the racetrack. This was done, but not in their own persons, nor with their own horses, the matter having been submitted entirely to the decision of chance. However, it is perfectly arranged by the official, the happy nominee of President—the winning horse—being declared, henceforward, sole competitor for the lady's smiles, while his humbled rival bows to the decree with as good a grace as may be.

Fashionable Charity.—A new element has been added during the week to the amusements of the intimate reunions to which the brilliant society of Paris has been suddenly reduced. The Empress has organized a species of Ducres Association for making life for the wounded, and it is *du meilleur ton* to appear at these small receptions with a little work-basket on your arm and a bundle of linen rag in your hand. Her Majesty has herself set the example, and, during the evening at St. Cloud, it becomes a subject of emulation with the ladies to outdo each other in the supplies of lint and linen bands they are able to send to the service *des infirmes* of the Ministry of War. Those who have produced the greatest quantity are to be rewarded with a golden belt, forming an ornament for the hair or bosom, and adapted, according to an idea expressed by her Majesty herself, either for full dress or *demise toilette*, so that the memento of the good work upon which the fortunate winner was engaged during the time of war and peril may never have to be abandoned. It is quite extraordinary, by the bye, what a power of labor resides in the frail fingers and snowy hands of the delicate ladies who surround the throne, for every evening people behold with surprise the thick *halos* which enter the blue drawing-room to be threaded before midnight, under the pressure of the competition of the coveted prize offered by the Empress.

Royal Mortality.—Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, is said to have had only a putative father in Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland for a short time, while his real father is reported to be a Dutch Admiral. His principal Minister, in whom he places most implicit reliance, is Count de Morny, whose father was that same Dutchman, while his mother was no less than Hortense Beauharnais, Ex-Queen of Holland. Thus, at any rate, Napoleon III. and Count Morny have the same mother. The count, it may be recollected, acknowledged himself father of one of Napoleon's children.

Another pillar of the Napoleonic dynasty is Count Walewski, son of the first Napoleon by a Polish lady of high rank and much beauty; one of the few persons who remained true to him when he abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814.

There has long existed a belief in Germany that the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, instead of being son of the Archduke Francis Charles by the Princess Sophia of Bavaria, his wife, claims a different paternity. Butler says,

"The child whom many fathers share, Will never know a father's care."

Francis Joseph, however, has been well cared for, and was elevated to the imperial throne of Germany while yet in his teens, on the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, his uncle. Viennese gossip has forked out into two channels respecting his birth. One account declares him to be the son of Count Itzenberg, ex-Crown Prince of Sweden. This gentleman's real name was Gustavus Vasa, and his father was Gustavus IV., who was deposed in 1812; and died in Switzerland in 1837. This young prince travelled through Scotland and Ireland in 1820, and eventually entered the Austrian service, where he obtained the command of a regiment at Vienna, and a Chamberlainship at the Imperial Court. The other positive father of his imperial majesty, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, and so forth, is said to be none other than Napoleon II., better known as the Duke de Reichstadt, ex-King of Rome, who died in July, 1832, aged twenty-one. Francis Joseph, it may be recollected, was born in August, 1830.

If this last rumor be true, we have two cousins fighting against each other in Italy—Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph I.

PRUSSIA.

Adventures of a Princess.—In consequence of an accident occurring to the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, by her running ashore early on the morning of Friday, June 3, in her passage up the Scheldt, her Royal Highness the Princess Frederick William was detained many hours, and did not reach Antwerp till about half past five o'clock in the evening. After leaving Gravesend, the yacht encountered a heavy fog off the Nore, which considerably retarded her progress. At the mouth of the Scheldt she was boarded by a pilot, who was in charge of the ship when she went ashore, at a place called Old Kirk. The Hon. Captain Deumant adopted every means to get her off, but she remained fast.

Unfortunately, the Admiralty yacht *Vivid*, which had accompanied the royal yacht from Gravesend, had gone on to Antwerp, and there was no vessel flying there to take on board her Royal Highness Princess Frederick William. In this dilemma Captain Deumant went on shore and got a mounted express to take a message to the nearest railway station, to be telegraphed to the officer in charge of the *Vivid* at Antwerp, ordering his immediate return to the royal yacht. The telegraphic message was received about noon. The *Vivid* proceeded as directed, and about half-past five returned to Antwerp with her Royal Highness on board. The Princess on landing was most cordially received.

The Princess Frederick William arrived at Berlin on Sunday evening in the best of health. Her Royal Highness was met at Antwerp by several members of the Belgian royal family, who accompanied her to the station of the railway leading to Cologne. Previous to reaching Berlin the Princess Frederick William met his royal consort, and accompanied her to the Prussian capital. On Monday morning the Prince and Princess visited their new residence, and after inspecting the progress made towards its completion, they visited the King and Queen of Prussia at Sans Souci. Their Royal Highnesses will take up their residence in the new palace in a short time.

INDIA.

Accident to Lord Clyde.—A correspondent of the *Delhi Gazette*, writing from Kussowle the 1st of May, says that "the Commander-in-Chief met with another accident at Pajore. It seems that the Putealla Rajah's troops, with artillery, were drawn up to do honor to his lordship, and, as usual, the honor was neither required nor expected. Just as the chief, who was in advance of his staff, got abreast of the guns, the salute commenced; the chief's horse started and threw his rider, who appeared at Kalka with sundry patches of plaster across his forehead."

Nena Sahib.—The Nena has approached within twenty miles of Camp Dukheer, Guruckpore, and sent to Major Robinson a message or manifesto, to the effect that the depredations of the British army had caused the mutiny, that he had no power over them, as they were not his countrymen; that he had nothing to do with the massacre of Cawapore; that he would not give himself up, but rather die, and was determined to fight it out; and terminating with a mysterious threat that he would soon have an army that would make British blood flow. This message bears the Nena's seal, and is said to be widely circulating through the country.

TURKEY.

Great Storm in the Red Sea.—A terrible storm of thunder, lightning and rain burst upon Aden on the night of the 30th April. It lasted in its full strength for three hours and did great damage. Between twenty and thirty persons were drowned in places where it was thought the waters could never reach. One hundred and eighty-seven stone houses were laid in ruins, nearly all the edifices destroyed, and great portions of the roads were swept into the valleys.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....17 weeks.....\$ 1
 One do.....1 year.....\$ 3
 Two do.....1 year.....\$ 5
 Or one Copy.....2 years.....\$ 8
 Three copies.....1 year.....\$ 6
 Five do.....1 year.....\$ 10
 And an extra copy to the person sending a club of five
 Every additional subscription \$2.
 OFFICE 13 FRANKFURT STREET, NEW YORK.

The Monarch of the Monthlies!

FOR JULY, 1859.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1, VOL. V., OF

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,

With which is incorporated the

GAZETTE OF FASHION.

Price 25c. or \$3 per annum.

Literary.

The Heiress of St. Mark's. Five Engravings.
 Whiffs and Whims of Oriental Romance. Two Engravings.
 Notes on Ornamental Flower Culture.
 The Crowned Heads of Europe.
 Singular Tastes and Antipathies.
 From Wall Street to Cashmere. Eleven Engravings.
 The Wa-er-Carrier.
 The Fiddler among the Bandits. Engraving.
 English Celebrities.
 Les Grisettes.
 Aqua Tofani. Engraving.
 Skull Leads to Fortune.
 Coal in the United States.
 Behind the Scenes in Paris—A Tale of the Clubs and the
 Secret Police—concluded.
 A Chapter on Rats.
 Samuel Johnson.
 The Black Cat—A Legend for Unseers.
 The Llamas of the Cordilleras. Two Engravings.
 Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling."
 Typographic.
 A New Mite.
 An Indian Auto-da-Fé.
 A Glimpse at Old London.
 Art in Japan.
 Antiquities of America. Engraving.
 Poetry—Aux Halles—Viola—Hall of the Hollow, En-
 graving—The Bridal.
 A Chapter of Wit, Anecdote and Humor.
 Miscellaneous.
 Comic Farc—Quotations from our Southern Market. Six
 Engravings.

List of Engravings.

The Heiress of St. Mark's—His Niece sat upon a Sofa at his
 Left Hand—She prolonged her Stroll through Garden,
 Orchard and Wood—The Conference between the Lawyer
 and the Rustic—This Ring, Madam, if no More—I shall
 never Wed.
 Whiffs and Whims of Oriental Romance—My Queen of
 Beauty was sitting upon the Sofa—My Enemy lay Prostr-
 ated.
 From Wall Street to Cashmere—Corinthian Tombs at Petra
 —Place of Walling, Jerusalem—Norwegian Wedding Cos-
 tumes—Cave Temple at Elephanta—Old English Tomb at
 Sorat—Temple at Elora—Carlee Cave Temple—Sham Dum
 Mosque—Suspension Bridge at Uri—Sacred Tank at Um-
 ritur—The Seven Pagodas—Mausoleum of Mohammed
 Shah at Bejapore.
 The Heiress of St. Mark's—Dancing before the Bandits.
 Aqua Tofani.
 Hall of the Hollow.
 The Llamas of the Cordilleras—Indian Woman, Children
 and Llama Crossing the Andes—Halt of M. Roban and
 his Indian Attendants at the Foot of Chimborazo.
 American Archaeological Stone.
 Comic Page.

Each number of the Magazine contains over 100 pages of
 the most entertaining literature of the day, besides nearly
 sixty beautiful engravings, and a superb colored Plate,
 alone worth more than the price of the Magazine.

1 copy 1 year.....\$ 3
 2 copies 1 year.....\$ 5
 1 copy 2 years.....\$ 8
 3 copies 1 year.....\$ 6
 and \$2 for each copy added to the Club. An extra copy
 sent to the person getting up a Club of five subscribers,
 1 year, for \$10.

The postage of this Magazine is three cents, and must be
 paid three months in advance at the office where the
 Magazine is received.

FRANK LESLIE, 13 FRANKFURT STREET, NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED,

No. 8

OF

The Great Comic Paper of the Age.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Budget of Fun,

Containing nearly one hundred facetious illustrations on all
 and every subject, among which are

The Take Tea in the Arab style of Hooped Petticoat, 1
 illustration; 1; Popkins takes a ride, 6; Garrotting in Broad-
 way, 1; Cheap Clothing, 1; Progress of a Politician, 12; A
 Day in Newport, 6; Inconvenience of Voting, 1; Unfeeling
 Canine Levity, 1; Down on the Pavement, 1; Very Obliging,
 1; Family Carousing, 1; Billiard's Comic, 6; Goat and
 Man, 1; Miser's Lodgings, 2; A Horrible Affair, 1; Pavement
 Soliloquy, 1; Shakespeare Jones, 1; Gourmands, &c., 1;
 Seeing the Signs, 1; A Nice Fiction, 1; A Blow for
 Circumstances, 1; The Monster Nuisance, 2; Policeman's Case,
 1; Shanghai and the Glass, 2; Advertising for a Wife, 1;
 Loves of a Chimpanzee, 7; Cuts on the War, 3; The Ro-
 mance of Life, 2; What is it? 1; A Terrible Fancy, 2; &c.,
 &c.

And other remarkable exhibitions of comicality, besides
 16 pages of the most admirable sketches of comic intensity,
 by C. B. Burdett, John Brougham, H. C. Watson, Fitz-
 james O'Brien, Pierce Fungate, Joseph Miller, Esq., Mr.
 Tom Hierocli, the Grecian, Major Joe Bagstock, Judge
 Whittier, and other wags, wits and wenders too tedious to
 mention.

This unrivalled Budget of Perfection is published fort-
 nightly, price only SIX CENTS.

Sold by all News Agents and other respectable persons.

TERMS TO CLUBS

1 copy, one year.....\$ 1 50
 3 copies.....\$ 4 00
 10 copies.....\$ 12 00
 Postage, payable at office where received, 12 cents per
 annum.

FRANK LESLIE,

13 FRANKFURT STREET, NEW YORK.

PORTABLE COAL GAS.

IT IS A FIXED FACT!—The Gas Generating
 Company is a great success, and their appa-
 ratus works beyond their most sanguine expectations. It
 is to be seen in operation in New York at the St. Denis
 Hotel, 801 Broadway; German Club House, 106 Fourth
 Avenue, and at the office of the Company, 512 Broadway,
 opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Judge for yourself and
 recollect HENDRICKS BROTHERS' Patent. 187-60

SALICATUS.—Those who want perfectly
 wholesome Salicatus, will inquire for that
 manufactured by the undersigned, which cannot be excelled
 in strength and purity, as we guarantee it to be free from
 any trace of deleterious matter. For sale to the trade by
 187-100

W. W. W. & CO., 17 1/2 FRANKFURT ST.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

THE MUSICAL GUEST, published weekly,
 with 12 pages of Music for the Piano and
 Voice. Price 10 cents a copy, or \$5 a year.

THE SACRED MUSICAL GUEST,

Published on the 15th of every month. Price 25 Cents
 each number, or \$3 a year. And

THE OPERATIC MUSICAL GUEST,

Containing the choicest morceaux of the most popular
 Operas, published every month. Price 25 Cents, or \$3 a
 year.

Every family should possess a copy of these works.

M. BELL & CO.,

Publication Office, 13 Frankfort street, New York.



"These celebrated Cans and Jars," says the editor of the *Lady's Book*, "the first introduced, and, by all odds, the best, are steadily coming into general use. Thousands of housekeepers who, in past seasons, were tempted to try other Cans and Jars, and who lost more or less of their fruit in consequence, will be glad to learn that ARTHUR'S never fail."

They are made of Tin, Glass and Earthenware.
 ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,
 Manufacturers under the patent,
 Nos. 117 and 119 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.
 Also manufacturers under the Patent for the United
 States, of the celebrated "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE
 AND TEA POTS. 187 193aw

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID
 FOR IT"—Take an Agency for our Publi-
 cations. The terms are such there can be no possibility of
 loss. Every Family will be glad to obtain some of them.
 For particulars address FOWLER & WELLS,
 187 No. 308 Broadway, New York.

FINKLE & LYON'S
 SEWING MACHINES,
 FOR FAMILY USE, TAILORING PURPOSES, SADDLERY,
 &c.
 Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other Ma-
 chines in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.
 503 Broadway, next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

PREPARE FOR HOT WEATHER.

WINSHIP'S SELF VENTILATING RE-
 FRIGERATORS are the only
 PERFECT PRESERVERS FOR PROVISIONS OF ALL
 KINDS.
 RAMBALL, BIDGE & CO.,
 442 BROADWAY, between Howard and Grand streets.

GEORGE B. SLOAT & CO.'S
 ELLIPTIC LOCK STITCH
 AND
 IMPROVED SHUTTLE
 SEWING MACHINES.
 SEND FOR AN ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR!!!
 C. W. THOMAS & CO.,
 600 480 Broadway, N. Y.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND GYMNA-
 SIUM, YONKERS, N. Y.
 Summer Session commenced on the 21st of May instant.
 TERMS:
 Board and Tuition.....\$150 per Session.
 For Circulars and particular information, apply to
 M. N. WISEWELL, Principal
 Yonkers, 1859. 000

TIFFANY & CO.,
 LATE
 TIFFANY, YOUNG & KELLY
 Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware,
 Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury
 No. 660 Broadway, NEW YORK.
 HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

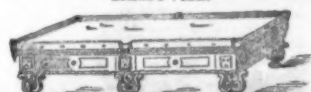
WHITE'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION,

216 BROADWAY,

UNDER HARNUM'S MUSEUM.

Mr. W. having come to great expense in fitting up this
 magnificent Establishment, offers to the public a splendid
 stock of first-class goods, manufactured expressly for his
 own sales, and at prices which will defy competition. In
 the Soft Hat Department are fifty different styles of French
 and American manufacture; among them White's Own, a
 new style, with Ventilator. In the Cap Department are
 one hundred styles of all the new shapes—Children's Fancy
 Caps, Fancy trimmed Hats, Ladies' Riding Hats, &c.
 Gentlemen's Hats of all styles, for young to middle aged
 men. Mr. W. produces the best Hat made in the City, and
 the price is only \$4. Navy and Military Caps made to
 order. Constantly on hand, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags,
 Leather Trunks, Cases, &c. 000

REMOVAL.



PHILAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

PATENTED FEB. 16, 1859; OCT. 28, 1859; DEC. 5,
 1857; JAN. 12, 1859; NOV. 16, 1859;
 MARCH 29, 1859.

For sale only by the manufacturers,
 O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,
 69, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street,
 late of 51 and 63 Ann Street,
 MICHAEL PHILAN,
 Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway, New York.

And the Patentee,

LIGHT & BRADBURY'S, PIANO FORTH
 MANUFACTURERS, 421 BROOME STREET,
 NEW YORK.—We desire to call the attention of the trade
 and of the public generally to our Piano FORTH, justly pro-
 nounced superior to all others in volume, richness and
 purity of tone—possessing, also, a peculiar single quality,
 adapted to and harmonizing with the human voice; they
 are very properly called "Organ, or Vocal Piano."
 Being made with the Patent Arch-Wire Flank, they will
 stand in tune in all climates. We guarantee our customers
 that no efforts that a long life experience, untiring industry
 or capital can procure will be spared to maintain for our
 instruments their world-wide reputation as "the best piano,"
 and that every improvement of intrinsic value to a piano
 will be found in ours. All orders with which we are favored
 will be promptly and faithfully attended to. 000

SOMETHING NEW!

AGENTS WANTED, to go into a new and
 honorable business, which will pay from \$15
 to \$30 weekly. No HOUSES. Satisfaction guaranteed.
 Send stamp for particulars, which are free.
 181-186 S. M. MYRIK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S

SARSAPARILLA

THE GREAT RENOVATOR OF THE BLOOD,
 AND THE
 SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR ERUPTIONS
 OF THE SKIN

AND ALL FORMS OF CUTANEOUS DISEASES.
 When the blood becomes lifeless or stagnant, either from
 the effects of impure food, change of climate, want of exercise,
 or the use of a uniform salted diet, this
 COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA WILL RENEW
 THE BLOOD.

Carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the Stomach,
 REGULATE THE BOWELS,
 and impart a tone of vigor to
 THE WHOLE BODY.

Buy that only which has the certificate of
 "JAMES R. CHILSON, M.D., Chemist,"
 printed on green paper and pasted on the outside wrapper,
 as also the signature of "S. P. TOWNSEND" on the en-
 graved label of each bottle.

BE CAREFUL TO USE NO OTHER.
 Principal Depot No. 212 Broadway, New York.

CHANDLER SMITH,

FASHIONABLE TAILORING,

675 Broadway,

179-190 LAFARGE HOUSE.

BURNETT'S COCAINE.

WE would call the attention of Druggists and
 the public to the card of Messrs. Joseph
 Burnett & Co., exposing an imposition to which the public
 are liable, from an imitation of their celebrated "Cocaine."
 This preparation for the hair has decidedly obtained a high
 reputation, and the numerous preparations which have been
 put into the market have a tendency to detract from the
 high reputation of the genuine article.—*Boston Journal*

LLOYD'S NEW CHART OF

THE WAR IN EUROPE,
 Finely colored with Splendid Engravings of Napoleon III.
 and his Generals, Emperor of Austria, King of Sardinia,
 Two large Maps, The European Battle Field, Names, Ages,
 &c., of European Sovereigns, &c., &c., is the latest, largest,
 best and cheapest.

Agents will have it.
 Specimens mailed postpaid for 25 cents.
 187 H. H. LLOYD & CO., No. 348 Broadway, N. Y.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE.—The great

popularity of these machines may readily be
 understood when the fact is known that any good female
 operator can earn with one of them.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.
 To every tailor, seamstress, dressmaker, and each large
 family in the country, one of these machines would be
 valuable.

I. M. SINGER & Co.'s Gazette, a beautiful illustrated
 paper, is just published. It explains all particulars about
 sewing machines. It will be given gratis to all who apply
 for it by letter or personally.

000 I. M. SINGER & CO., 658 Broadway, New York.

DR. J. B. MARCHESI'S

UTERINE CATHOLICON,

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING

FEMALES.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the
 female life, a really good medicine must be their best
 friend. The numerous cures of irregularities, secretions,
 discharges, ulcerations, Falling Wombs, Leucorrhoea, &c.
 constantly effected by Dr. Marchesi's Catholicon, gives it
 a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other
 article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon.
 When everything has been tried, the best physicians con-
 sulted, years spent in anguish and fortunes wasted, this
 Catholicon has restored health to the patient and pleasure
 to the disease. It is active and efficient in any form of
 disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be
 dispensed with previous to and after confinement. Num-
 erous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will cure
 you. It has been long and favorably known. As an evi-
 dence of its efficacy, the money will be refunded where
 results are not as indicated, a pamphlet, with symptoms,
 treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at
 the counter of any agent. Do not confound Dr. Marchesi
 with any other name. It can be had in most every town.
 If not found, it can be sent by express. Price \$2 per bot-
 tle, or 3 bottles for \$5. Notice removal. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT!

NO MORE ROUGE! NO MORE PINK SAUCERS!

What a Lovely Girl that is!—Oh, she
 uses DR. BOSWELL'S BEAUTIFIER, which re-
 moves all Pimples, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan
 Who could not have a beautiful complexion, who
 has Fifty Cents or One Dollar to send him for a box of it?

His HAIR ERADICATOR, for removing super-
 fluous hair from a lady's lip, chin, neck, arms, &c.,
 has no equal. Price One Dollar per bottle.

His PILLS FOR FEMALES have not a rival in
 the world.

His permanent and positive CURE FOR SPER-
 MATORRHOEA has no equal.

All Dr. Boswell's articles are sent by mail, free
 of postage.

"THE SECRET OF BEAUTY," or, How to be
 HANDSOME," a little book of 32 pages, sent free to
 every person that wishes it.

All orders must be addressed to
 DR. F. W. BOSWELL,
 No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.

For sale by
 P. L. TADMAN & CO., No. 81 Beecher street,
 (four doors west of Broadway),
 Mrs. HAYS, No. 175 Fulton street, Brooklyn,
 AND ALL DRUGGISTS. 178 80

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

183-190 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.



FRENCH SOLDIERS ENTRENCHING A FARM-HOUSE ON THE FIELD OF MARENGO.—SEE PAGE 77.

\$5.30

CHAMPION SEWER

ONLY \$5.

EXTRA SPEED, \$6.50.

"KATY-DID,"

With Treadle in complete order,

AND COSTS ONLY \$10.

Double Thread Machines at \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35.

The cheapest Shuttle Machine in the world, only \$25 !!

They have no superior in the market.

Local and Travelling Agents wanted.

EAGLE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

187-190

411 Broadway, New York.

DR. HAM'S INVIGORATING SPIRIT—Will stimulate and invigorate, but will not intoxicate; will strengthen and exhilarate, but will not stupefy. This valuable discovery is not only a most effective medicine, but it is good at all times as a stimulant instead of liquors, wines or ales, without any of their injurious effects. It is also superior as a Tonic to any of the bitters in use. It is aromatic, and slightly pungent to the taste.

Its efficacy as a Medicine is well attested by thousands, including Physicians, who, during the five years it has been in use, have found relief in cases of Dyspepsia, nervousness, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Colic, Stomach-ache, Head-ache, Drowsiness, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Melancholy, Delirium Tremens and Intemperance.

DR. Observe the Directions on the Bottle, and it will, as heretofore, cure many of the most deplorable cases of Intemperance, and restore thousands of weak, debilitated and sickly constitutions to health and vigor. A sure cure for Dyspepsia.

Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. Ham, at his depot, 48 Water Street, and by principal Druggists in dollar and half dollar bottles. Call and invigorate. 187 212

LLOYD'S NEW CHART OF

THE WAR IN EUROPE,

Fine color with splendid Engravings of Napoleon III. and his Generals, Emperor of Austria, King of Sardinia, Two large Maps, the European Battle Roll, Names, Ages, &c., of European Sovereigns, &c., &c., is the latest, largest, best and cheapest.

Agents will have it.

Specimens mailed postpaid for 25 cents. 1870 H. H. LLOYD & CO., No. 348 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. J. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS meet with great favor as remedies for diseases of the stomach, and all other diseases arising from a disordered digestive system; and its component parts being entirely vegetable, it is more safe than the ordinary preparations offered to the public, while its pleasant effect on the system renders it very popular with those who use it. Dr. Hostetter's reputation is widespread, and the care with which he prepares his medicine is a guarantee of its safety and reliability. The bitters are most agreeable in flavor, and it contains nothing that can impair the health, but on the contrary contributes to its preservation, this preparation must prove highly popular.

Principal Agency in New York, 13 and 15 Park Row.

J. GURNEY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC AND FINE ART GALLERY,

707 BROADWAY, N. Y.

184 190 One Block below the New York Hotel.

ANGIER HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—

SILAS MERCHANT Proprietor. This House is the newest, best situated and most elegantly furnished house in Cleveland. Terms, \$2 per day. 179-191



GENERAL DURET, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF MONTENAPOLÉ.—SEE PAGE 77.

36.14

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS. DYSPEPSIA, as well as Indigestion, Sick Head-ache, Acidity, Waterbrash, Flatulency, Jaundice, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Debility, Loss of appetite, with many other complaints akin to them, cause an immense amount of suffering, and few in the community escape their influence. A remedy for these complaints is a great blessing. This remedy exists in the Oxygenated Bitters. The testimony of those who have used them is conclusive, and the character and standing of the individuals who testify to their wonderful merits are equally conclusive in favor of this well established remedy.—Bridgeport Advertiser and Farmer.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS, THE OXYGENATED BITTERS, Are sold every where. 187-90



SEMMONS & CO., OPTICIANS, Manufacturers of the BRAZILIAN PEBBLE SPECTACLES, No. 609 1/2 Broadway, (near the Lafayette Hotel), New York. 182-104

TORREY'S NEW FOUR MINUTE FREEZERS!!!

THESE highly popular machines are offered to the public with the fullest assurance of their being not only the

CHEAPEST,

but the **SIMPLEST AND QUICKEST FREEZERS IN USE,** producing Cream of that smooth and light consistency heretofore only to be obtained of the best confectioners.

They can be had retail of the house-furnishing and hardware stores generally, at the following prices:

3 quarts.....\$2.50	8 quarts.....\$5.00
4 quarts.....3.00	14 quarts.....7.00
6 quarts.....4.00	20 quarts.....10.00

And at wholesale of the manufacturer, 186 870 E. P. TORREY, No. 9 Platt Street, N. Y.

THE MUSICAL GUEST,

NOW PUBLISHED.

No. 14, Vol. 2.

M. BELL & CO., 13 Frankfort Street.

GENIN'S HAT STORE

REMOVED TO

307 Broadway,

ADJOINING GENIN'S BAZAAR

ONE HUNDRED COMIC SONGS—Music and Words, including the best and most popular Humorous songs in the English language. Price 50 cts. 187 Published by CLYDE & DIBSON & CO., B. & C.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS is executed by W. DENYER, 158 William Street.